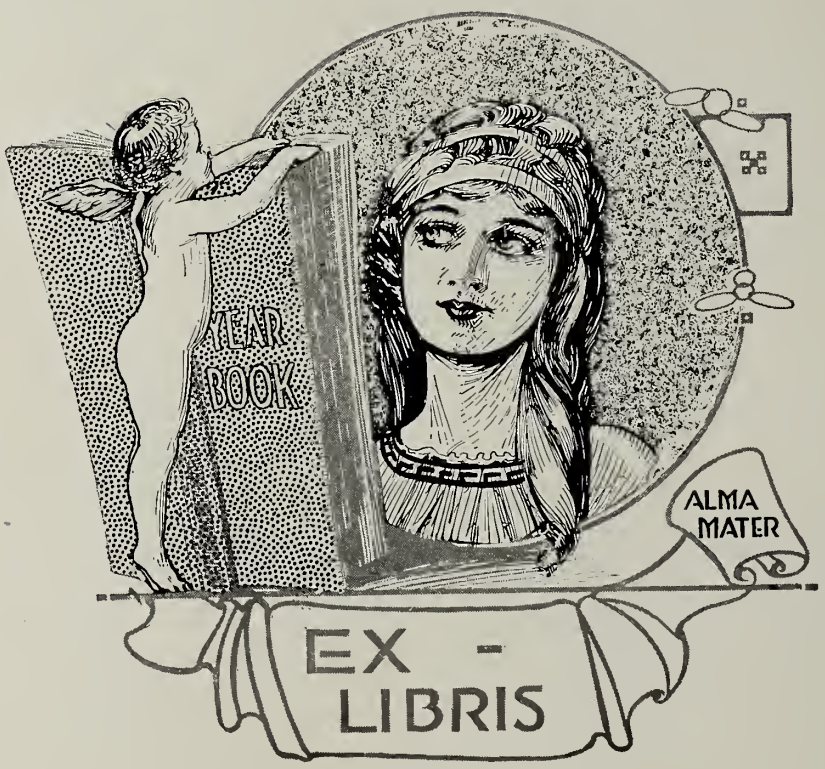
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JUNE, 1916

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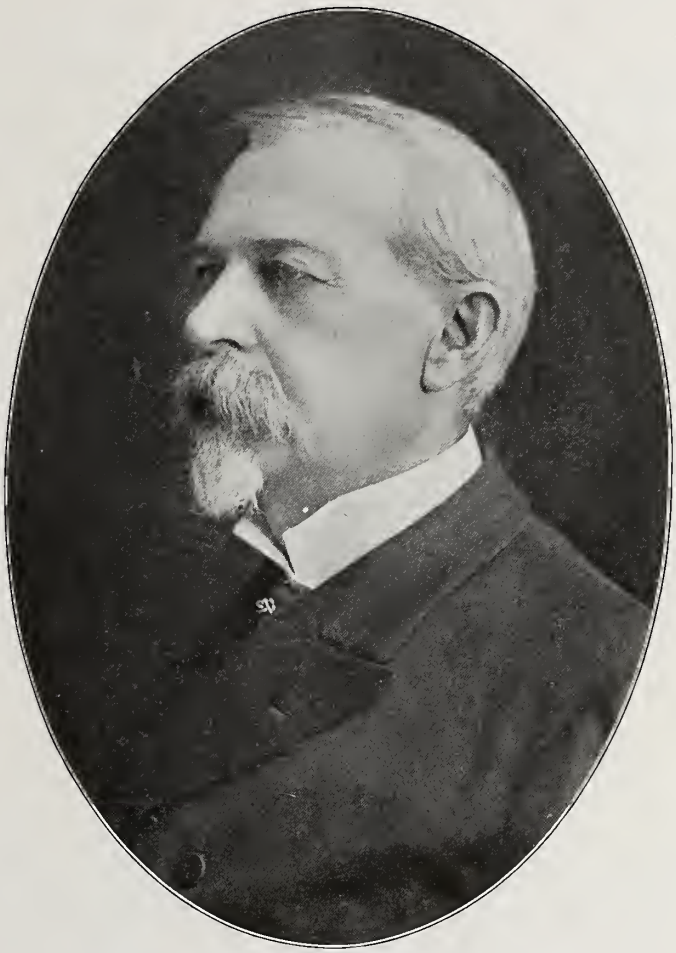
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..Dedication..

TO our school and to those who have made it possible—Professor Study, Our School Board, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lane, Our Faculty, and Our Parents, the Tax-Payers of the City,—this, the Annual of the Class of 1916, is affectionately dedicated.



SUPERINTENDENT JUSTIN N. STUDY
OF THE FORT WAYNE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



ADVISORY PRINCIPAL CHESTER T. LANE
OF THE FORT WAYNE HIGH AND MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL



PRINCIPAL LOUIS C. WARD
OF THE FORT WAYNE HIGH AND MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL



TO OUR ALMA MATER, F. W. H. S.

When other girls, with Psyche curls,
Shall wander thro' these halls,
And other lads with other fads
Recite within these walls;
There may, perhaps, arise a class
That kicks up quite a fuss,
And, if your recollection's clear,
Then you'll remember us.

When dullness or conceit shall dim
The class-rooms where we shone;
When Lat and Lit, and Math, and
Chem
Go stale because we're gone;
When Bench, and Can, and "Ten per"
off,
No longer may be seen,
For that we go, though you may scoff,
Yet you'll recall "Sixteen."

When Hudson Six-Es run the class
At close of Morris' day,
When Bachelors run Luce for Miles
Along the Wilding way,
When little Carl and Wilhelmine
Shall stir the CALDRON muss,
And beg for patronage, WE beg
That you'll remember US.

Literary

GRADUATES

(By J. Edward Spiegel, '16.)

THE burglar slowly lifted the window, and climbing noiselessly into the room, stood perfectly motionless for a minute, trying to pierce the intense gloom which seemed to pervade the whole house. A faint ray of light filtered through the window; but the night prowler turned, and lowered the sash as softly as he had raised it.

After lowering the curtain, he switched on his electric search-light, and flashed it across the room. The pencil of white brilliance came to a halt on a small writing desk, and the intruder silently but quickly pried it open with a jimmy. Inside he discovered many papers neatly pigeon-holed, and he immediately began an investigation.

"Don't move an inch!"

The command, coming out of the utter darkness that enshrouded the room, struck upon the intruder's ears like a pistol shot. "I have you covered, and if you don't want the coroner to say, 'Doesn't he look natural,' just stretch your arms toward the ceiling, and don't lower them until I tell you."

The night prowler having done as he was commanded, a shadowy figure arose from a large arm-chair, and quickly "frisked" the helpless one of an automatic pistol and several burglar tools. Then, picking up the search-light, and directing it full upon the other's face, the invisible occupant of the room calmly asked, "Have you anything to say against my turning you over to the police?"

"Suit yourself," was the gruff reply.

"Oh, all right," and the one holding the light walked over to the table and switched on the lamp, which shed a soft, comfortable glow over the entire room. He pressed a small button on the table, and shortly afterward a disheveled butler appeared, trying to stifle innumerable yawns.

"You may call for the police, Dawkins," commanded the man with the pistol.

"But Mr. Halstead—"

"You'll call for the poliee, as I said," returned the other.

"Yessir," answered the butler, and turned to leave.

"Oh, I say, Dawkins," Mr. Halstead continued, "on second thought, instead of 'phoning for the police, you may bring a decanter and a couple of glasses."

The butler, now ready for almost anything, answered obediently, "Yessir."

Turning to the burglar, Mr. Halstead addressed him. "I've often wanted to converse with a burglar," he said, "but this is the first opportunity that has ever presented itself. Sit down, please;

Dawkins will bring some wine in a minute."

The unexpected visitor stole a furtive glance at the calm eyes of his captor, but seeing in them no signs of wavering, slid reluctantly into a large arm-chair next to the library table. Mr. Halstead followed suit, but kept the pistol in his hand, ready for instant action.

At this juncture Dawkins entered, bearing a tray, with the decanter and glasses. Having poured out two drinks, the butler was dismissed, and Mr. Halstead handed one of the glasses to his "guest."

"No, thank you," was the calm rejoinder, "I never drink."

"What?" exclaimed the astounded host, "You a burglar, and refuse a glass of wine. Well, Mr.—er—"

"Call me Jim."

"Well, Mr. Jim—"

"Just plain Jim," with emphasis.

"All right then," resumed Mr. Halstead. "I was just going to remark that you are a very unusual burglar."

"I know it," responded Jim. "I doubt if there is another burglar anywhere working under similar conditions."

"What do you mean by 'under similar conditions?' "

"Drink your wine, and then I'll tell you."

"Well then, here's to you," and R. Gregory Halstead drained the glass. Then he turned his gaze upon the man sitting across the table from him, and remarked, "You're rather young to be noted as a house-breaker."

"That is what I meant by 'under similar conditions.' You see sir, I reeently graduated from high school."

"What! You a high school graduate? Impossible."

"That is what I said," came the reply.

"Hm," was all his host could utter. Silence reigned for a brief time, then Halstead turned upon the youthful captive with the question, "What ever possessed you to turn burglar?"

"Things went wrong at school. I had discouragements at home, and on top of that, my best friend left our town, and I haven't heard a word from **her** since. Then I came here, got in with a fellow. Well—you know the rest."

"From what town did you come from?"

"I came from Triton, Pennsylvania."

Gregory Halstead looked searchingly at the young man's face, and finding everything satisfactory to himself, arched his eye-brows in a peculiar manner, characteristic of the man.

"Hm—from Triton, eh? And a high school graduate. Hm. You'd be pretty useful to me." Here he paused to offer Jim a cigar. This also being refused, the host arched his eye-brows once more, took a cigar himself, and after lighting it, resumed his talk.

"I hate to see a young fellow like you go bad, so I'll make an agreement with you, not because I am naturally charitable, but because I, too, graduated from Triton high school. Boy, we're 'grads' from the same place. Shake!"

"Jim," resumed Mr. Halstead, "we're both graduates from Triton High. Neither of us went to college, giving us both an equal footing to start life. But look at the difference between us two. You turn out to be a burglar, as low as the scum of the earth, while I have become one of the great financial men of the day. But I will give you a chance to acquire wealth, and become an influential man on Wall Street, if only you follow my orders. Remember, I can make or break you, young man, so you had better consider my proposition."

And the money magnate smiled drily.

"Well," answered Jim, "let me have your proposition."

At this instant, a girl, wearing a

bright colored kimona, entered the room, but stopped short upon seeing the sight before her. Mr. Halstead saw her at that moment, and walking over to her, placed a pistol in her hand, whispered something in her ear, and left the room.

The girl walked slowly over toward the table, keeping her eye on the roughly garbed person seated in the large arm-chair. At this instant he looked up, and the light from the table lamp fell across his face. The girl stared at him for a moment, then rushed forward and fell to her knees before him.

"Jim," she gasped. "Jim, don't you remember me?"

"Lillian,—Lillian," was all he could utter. He took her face in his hands and gazed, or rather, stared at the seeming vision before him.

"Lillian, girl," he said tenderly, "how do you happen to be here? Ever since I graduated, I have been keeping a lookout for you."

"Oh, Jimmy," she moaned, "didn't you get any of my letters?"

"Not a one," grimly responded Jim. "You see, I left town, soon after graduating, and perhaps all the letters are in the post-office at home. But, tell me, —why are you here?"

"Well, it happened this way. I received a summons to come to New York at once, as the will of my father was to be read that next day. In the will, provisions were made which compelled me to live with my uncle Greg, and so here I am."

"What!" Jim gasped. "Mr. Halstead isn't your uncle?"

"Yes, why?" came the simple reply.

"Oh, this is some more of my hard luck," and Jim buried his head in his arms.

"Why, what's the matter, Jim?" asked Lillian. "What—why, Jim—I never thought—how do you happen to be here?"

"Sh—here comes Mr. Halstead," warned Jim. "Don't give yourself away, please!"

Lillian quickly arose, retreated a few steps; and as her uncle entered the room, he beheld her, revolver in hand, keeping a vigilant watch over the burglar. He whispered a few words in the girl's ear, and then advanced toward the table. Spreading out some blueprints, he beckoned to Jim, and then settled down in a chair.

"No monkey-shines, now, Jim," he cautioned, "my niece has you covered, and if you make a false move, that will be the end of you. Now, here's the plan. This is a map of Triton, as you will probably notice. Now here on the outskirts lies a large plot of worthless land, which I have purchased for a song. My idea is to get some experts to pronounce this field a rich coal bed, and then sell stock to the people of tha vicinity. Here's where you come in. You most likely know all the people in Triton, and I want you to go there and sell this stock. Plans are almost completed now, and I have here a written agreement which I want you to sign. Sign your full name there." And Mr. Halstead pointed at the bottom of a typewritten sheet.

Jim glanced quickly over the agreement, and then looked up at Mr. Halstead.

"I see," he remarked casually, "where you also have to sign, in order to complete the agreement. Now if you are playing square with me, you will sign your name first."

Mr. Halstead shot a furtive glance at the young fellow, and began chewing his cigar rather vigorously. Then without a word, he took out his fountain pen, and quickly traced his name across the bottom of the sheet. Then he handed the pen toward Jim, but Jim hastily snatched up the paper, and cried, "Now, Halstead, I have you just in the right corner!"

"What do you mean?" cried Mr.

Halstead excitedly. "Don't fool with me, young man. Remember, I can turn you over to the police on the slightest provocation."

"Not any more, Mr. Halstead."

"Not any more?" bellowed the magnate. "Lillian, give me the gun."

"Lillian, you will please keep your uncle cornered until I inform you differently," was Jim's calm reply.

"What the—who in the—how the well, I'll be—Say," sputtered Halstead, "what does this mean?"

"It means just this," answered the apparent master of ceremonies, "that if you will kindly take a seat, I will tell you just exactly the predicament in which you have placed yourself."

The outwitted swindler glanced quickly first at the man, and then at the resolute girl with the menacing weapon, and slowly sank into a large arm-chair. Lillian at once approached Jim, and gave him the gun, which he immediately pocketed before the eyes of the astounded R. G. Halstead. Then he spoke.

"To begin with, I am not a burglar as you supposed. I graduated from high school two years ago, and for almost two years, I worked in a grocery store in a nearby town. However, a month ago, I came to New York to seek better employment, and one day saw an ad in the paper for a young man eager to get a good position in life. I applied for the job, and, being a high school graduate, was selected out of a field of ten. My employer was a middle-aged man, doing some sort of work which he termed "Benefit to Mankind." He heard of your attempted swindle, and to test me, he asked me to obtain full particulars.

"It all worked out just like clockwork. I got one of your servants to play sick, and he substituted a man whom I had picked out. This servant opened the latch to the window through which I entered, and he also arranged a dictagraph in this room. The other servant told me you usually fell asleep in this room, so I arranged to meet you here.

"My man was stationed in the basement with phonograph attachments, to record our conversation, and when I said, 'I have you just in the right corner,' my man closed up shop, and left. He is now speeding toward my rooms, where I have arranged to meet him, so I will have to leave. Good-bye, Lillian," and Jim started for the window, but before he reached it, Lillian ran forward and intercepted him.

"Jim Cranston," she cried. "Would you dare to leave us in this predicament? Just look at Uncle Greg. Why, he has aged twenty years in the last ten minutes. You couldn't expose him to the world, Jim, could you? And what about me?" She stopped short and looked inquiringly at him.

Jim uttered a long drawn out sigh, and said, "Lillian, this is the hardest proposition I have ever tried to figure out, but when I think of the many people he has made poor through his swindling methods, I have not the least pity for him. Imagine, if you can, a poor family seeing visions of a bright future, through a small account which they have been able to scrape together. Now along comes a man selling the shares for this worthless enterprise, and the family, like a hungry fish, swallow bait, hook and sinker. Then comes the crash. The hard-working father will hardly be able to stand it, and the whole family goes to rack and ruin. Lillian, you must be just in dealing with a case like this."

Mr. Halstead arose slowly from his arm-chair, and going to Jim, said in a voice filled with emotion, "My boy, I never looked at things in that light before. There is prison staring me in the face, but I wonder if you couldn't be kind to an old man, (for I feel very old now) and withhold the charges? Needless to say, I will make proper amendment for my former wrongs. Lillian,

how does it happen that you know this young man?''

''Why, uncle, I went to school with him, in Triton.''

''Hm,—I see'' was her uncle's comment.

''Jim,'' Lillian was pleading now, ''Jim, will you take Uncle's word of honor as a man, that he will mend his former ways? Jimmy—please promise me that you will bring no charges.''

''Yes, Lillian,'' answered Jim, ''I will do it for your sake.''

''Jim,'' Mr. Halstead said, ''whatever pay that man is giving you, I will give you double to see that I keep my word. Now, that I am growing old, I need a bright young man like you to take care of my business. Will you accept?''

''I cannot go back to my former employer without any evidence,'' answered Jim, ''which places me in a position to accept your offer with pleasure.''

''Oh, Jim,'' whispered Lillian as she moved closer to him, ''I'm so glad.''

Exit R. Gregory Halstead on tip toe.

''But Jim,'' asked Lillian, ''what about those records with **our** conversation on them?''

''Lillian,'' answered Jim softly as he drew her to him, ''we'll smash all records.''

FROM CASTLE TO PICKFORD

(By Constance Underhill)

ANITA Anderson thoughtfully surveyed the pointed toes of her ivory shoes and acknowledged to herself that she was bored—absolutely bored. It was still early in the afternoon, and she had nothing to do until three o'clock, when the picture show—Winton Center's one and only picture show—should open.

Really, the world seemed to be revolving more slowly every day. Late afternoons and evenings she did not mind, for then there were dates, movie films, strolls, parties, picnics and all the other social functions she, as the most popular girl of Winton Center, must attend. But in the mornings she drudged—yes, that was the word for it,—drudged! Sewing, cooking and cleaning; cleaning, cooking and sewing—if that wasn't drudgery, she'd just like to know what was! And the early afternoons dragged worst of all, for then she had neither her household duties (drudgery!) nor her social duties to keep her busy. She had literally nothing to do. Oh, for some excitement!

In vain she racked her brain for some novel and sensational stunt to pull off, some crazy new fad to introduce which would thoroughly surprise and scandalize the natives of Winton Center. She was usually full of madcap ideas, but today her brain was strangely unproductive, and at last, with a yawn she gave it up and reached for a magazine lying near. Idly she turned the pages till she reached the theatre section. She flipped over a picture of Mary Pickford—how tiresome and old-fashioned she was! Ah, Mrs. Vernon Castle. Now **she** was something like. What an adorable dress, how sweet her hair looked. It was cut short, cut shor—

Anita dropped the magazine suddenly and stood up. An inspiration at last! Bobbed hair. Oh, Stupid! Why hadn't she thought of it before? Maybe now she wouldn't cause some sensation, just!

A counter-thought checked her. Her parents—what would they say, and,

worse still, what would they do to her? The strictest punishment they could inflict would be to deprive her of a party or two. That would not be so bad. It might make her even more distinguished. She really couldn't let her parents stand in the way of her happiness.

To think was to act. Anita ran in the house and put on a hat.

"Anita," called her mother from an upstairs window. "Anita, where are you going?"

"Just up the street a little way. I won't be gone long," Anita condescended to answer as she tripped away.

Unsophisticated Winton Center boasted no shampoo or beauty parlor, but was the proud possessor of three barber shops. As to which of the three was the lesser evil, Anita pondered for some time. She couldn't go to Old Jerry's—that was a cinch. Old Jerry was an intimate friend of her father's and looked upon Anita as a mere child (Anita sniffed) and he would just scold her and send her home. She didn't want to go to Henry Milton's. She hated Henry, and he was such a gossip that the news of her escapade would be all over town before she'd had a chance to surprise anyone. There remained but one other—a new one that had been opened but a week ago. She had not the least idea who the barber was.

"All the better," she reflected, and immediately turned down the street on which the new barber shop was located.

To her dismay and disgust, the new barber had a customer, but she was not to be so easily thwarted. She went to the drug store and bought a powder puff. By the time she had returned the customer had left.

She entered the barber shop in a flutter of excitement. Already she could see the astonished expressions of the girls and "fellows" and hear their astonished "oh's" and "ah's."

The barber, a youngish man with indifferent brown hair and indifferent blue eyes, seemed a little surprised to see his customer. His eyes widened a little as he said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes." Anita hesitated, not knowing just how to make her strange request.

"I want you to bob my hair."

"Bob—your hair?" The man's voice betrayed his further surprise.

"Yes, cut it off short, you know. Like a little girl's."

The young man watched her from a discreet distance as she removed her hat, and unpinned her hair. An admiring "ah" burst from his lips as he saw her shake it out so that it fell in a dusky cloud about her shoulders.

If she heard his exclamation, she gave no sign, but combed out the dark mass with one of her side combs.

"Now," she said, "I'm ready."

As in a dream he assented vaguely, and helped her into a huge chair. Mechanically he adjusted it to make her comfortable.

"Can you raise it up a little?" she asked. "I'd like to be able to look in the glass and see what you are doing."

He raised the back a little.

"And now," her tone was dramatic, even tragic, "Now cut!"

But he was playing for time to think.

"Just exactly how to you want it cut?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want it short or long—bangs, brush-back, or parted?"

She didn't know. For fully a minute she pondered deeply. Then:

"Brush-back," she decreed, "a la Castle."

He racked his brain to think of a way to keep her from committing the awful crime, and reflected that it is far easier to save a girl from drowning than to save her hair from being cut. His whole being revolted against the

destruction of the wavy cloud of hair before him.

But there was no alternative. Cut it he must. With the heroic expression of a dying martyr he firmly grasped the shears, and with stoic calmness lifted the mop of hair. But his heart failed at the crucial moment and he turned away from her in despair.

"I can't," he said, brokenly, "I can't do it. I haven't the heart."

Amazed, she turned and looked at him, for she had had no intimation of the struggle through which he had gone.

"Can't do what?" She was really afraid that the heat of the summer's day might have affected his brain a little.

"Can't cut your hair."

"And why not?"

"It's too beautiful. Why," and here the whole flood of his pent-up emotion burst forth, "why, it would be vandalism—rank vandalism, for me to cut one hair of that glorious mass. It would be criminal,—it would be cowardly—it would be shameful—it would be dastardly—it would be"—he paused helplessly, lacking both the breath and the epithets to go on.

"And you won't cut it?"

"I can't."

"You mean you won't."

"I mean I can't. You have wonderful hair. It's just like Little Mary Pickford's. You can't imagine Mary Pickford cutting off her hair, can you? Why are you doing it anyway? Just to spite your face?"

"I want it to look like Mrs. Castle's."

"Mrs. Castle—good Lord!" He looked all the disgust that he couldn't find words to express.

"I see," Anita tilted her nose a little higher than it was naturally inclined, " I see that I shall have to find another barber to cut my hair."

She caught up her hair, twisted it into a knot, jabbed in some hair-pins, and pulled on her hat. She had started to the door when he again found his tongue.

"Little Mary Pickford," his tone was gently, even tenderly persuasive, "your hair is lovely. Please, **please**, little Mary, don't cut it off."

She dared not look around, for two large, unexplainable tears were welling in her eyes, try as she would to restrain them. The dim and trembling world swam unsteadily before her as she left the room and hurried down the street.

At home, upstairs, she buried her head in the sympathetic pillows and sobbed frantically, unreasonably for a minute or two, then calmed down suddenly and couldn't for the life of her figure out why she had been crying. Of course it was the way that heartless man had treated her. And yet, was he so very heartless—

To her ears came the sound of his voice, thrillingly tender, as he had said, "Please, please, little Mary, don't cut your hair."

But of course she would cut her hair. She rose, dried her eyes and powdered her nose. Slowly she went downstairs and out the front door. But she seemed to have lost all enthusiasm and interest and after she had walked several blocks she changed her mind and went home. She had to admit that she was beaten, and that nothing could persuade her to cut her hair now.

That evening, while Anita was dressing for a little dance, Doris Miller, her best friend and confidante-in-chief, came flying with exciting news.

"Anita, just guess what!" she bubbled, "a Mrs. Vernon Castle film is coming—actually. Isn't that just too wonderful? Aren't you simply **wild** to see her?"

"Not particularly," Anita's indifference was sincere. "She's really

dreadfully tiresome, with her freakish short hair."

Doris looked positively shocked.

"Why, Anita Anderson, just yesterday you were raving about her. What has come over you? Why, you—Anita, **what** are you doing to your hair?"

For Anita had curled her long hair and was tying the curls together at the back of her neck with a **ribbon.**

"Anita! A **hair-ribbon!**. And **curls!** Yet," Doris admitted reluctantly, "they surely are becoming to you. You look just exactly like—guess who? Mary Pickford! Yes, you do. Just exactly."

"Nonsense!" Anita tossed her head, but her cheeks flamed with sudden color and her eyes burned bright.

"You do, too. It's too bad that it isn't stylish to wear your hair that way."

Anita's eyes flashed.

"I don't care if it isn't stylish. This everlasting style, style, style, sets me crazy! I like things because they're pretty, not because they're stylish."

Doris gasped, but held her peace. In silence she watched Anita knot a red tie around the neck of her ultra-simple white waist.

"Now," said Anita, as she gave a lingering look to her image in the mirror, "I'm ready."

A sharp ring at the door-bell summoned them below to where two youths waited to escort them to the dance.

The hostess of the little party greeted Anita with a sudden hug.

"How sweet you look!" and then she whispered, "My dear, you just can't guess who's here tonight. Mr. Whitney, the new barber. He's simply wonderful. I'll see that you meet him right away. See him, over there?"

Anita looked—how could she help it?—and there he was, the very, self-same man who had called her "Little Mary Pickford" not five hours before. She could not bear to have him see her there, to have him find out that she had listened to his pleading, had done as he wished. She looked around. There was no way to escape unnoticed. Oh, how she wished she hadn't come.

But he had seen her, had recognized her, and was coming rapidly toward her.

"Come, Doris," she clutched the arm of her friend, "We must go upstairs and take off our hats or we shall miss some fun. Jack," she whispered to her escort as she passed, "don't give any dances to Mr. Whitney, please," and she flew upstairs.

She had dodged him once, as she must dodge him again and again during the course of the evening. Her pride was wounded and she must not let him know it.

Jack had contrived to keep Mr. Whitney off her program, though he had had "the dickens of a time doing it," he declared. She had something to be thankful for.

Through eight dances she carefully avoided Mr. Whitney, or treated him with icy aloofness when avoidance was impossible. Mr. Whitney did not seem to be enjoying himself as much as he should, considering that he had been dancing with charming girls. He went out doors to smoke.

Anita's partner led her to a little nook near an open window and left her there to go for some punch. The rose-scented breeze from the garden caressed her cheek. From the stillness without came a voice.

"Little Mary," it said, "Little Mary, come out into the garden. I want to talk to you."

Anita leaned toward the window.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Who am I?" the sound of the voice was like lilting music in her ears. "I am the Soul of the Summer Night calling to you to come out where it is dark and cool, away from the glaring lights and the noisy music. Will you come, Little Mary, will you come to me?"

"Yes," she whispered. At the end of the next dance I will come." Then

she turned to find her partner approaching with the punch.

All during the next dance she tried to tell herself that she was sorry that she had submitted again to the will of that strangely powerful man, but in her heart she knew that she was glad, madly, unreasonably glad. When the music had stopped she contrived to escape from the crowd, and sought the nook where she had talked to him. He was there, just outside the low window, and taking her by the hand, he helped her over the sill. They were alone in the garden.

"Little Mary," he said, "I knew you would come."

She tried to be angry.

"Indeed! And I suppose that you knew also that I wouldn't cut my hair!"

"I knew you could not be so cruel as to spoil your lovely hair. Little Mary, when I see your hair I think of a beautiful verse.

'Shake down your hair, it's shade is deep,
And sweet as night's;
'Tis like a purple sea—asleep
In shadowed lights.' "

"I can think of a better verse than that for my hair," her voice was laughing as she misquoted:

" 'Who cutteth a hair of your black head
Dies like a dog. March on,' he said.' "

"It is quite suitable," he laughed, and then added, seriously, "You think you can forgive me for trying to dissuade you from your prank?"

"It was not kind of you."

"It was the only thing I could do, Little Mary."

"We'll not quarrel now. But why do you call me 'Little Mary?' My name is Anita."

"No, not Anita. Anita belongs in there, dancing. Anita loves brilliant lights, gorgeous gowns, and splurge, and display. Anita wants to cut off her hair like Mrs. Castle's. Anita wears freak clothes and is a devoted slave to Fashion. You are not Anita. You are Little Mary, my simple, white-clad, vital girl-o'-dreams, sans paint and powder, sans jewelry and ornament, sans glitter and gaudiness. You, Mary, belong to the pure moon-light, the fragrant rose-breath, and—and to me!"

He was quite close to her now.

"Are you in earnest? Do you mean all this?" She spoke almost inaudibly.

"Look at me, Mary."

Turning, she searched the depths of his eloquent eyes and found her answer.

"And you will continue to believe me when I tell you that you are all the world to me?"

Her eyes answered him. He caught her hands, but she would not have it so.

"The music has started," she cried. "I must go, really."

"Little Mary, let me—kiss you before you go?"

"No. You shall not kiss me, but—but I shall kiss you," and standing on tip-toe, she brushed her lips lightly against his. Then she would have run away but two strong arms encircled her, two eyes looked deep into her own and two lips silenced her protests with kisses. And then she had no desire to escape.



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Editorial

The publication of this annual marks the culmination of the efforts of the 1916 staff to produce a Caldron second to none. How well we have succeeded is not for us to say, but as we look back over the past year, with its successes and failures, its realizations and disappointments, we cannot help feeling that in many respects this goal has been attained, while we realize that in many others it is still far in the dim distance. However that may be, this is no time for vain regrets and excuses, and we have none to make. We have played the game to the best of our ability, as we thought it should be played, and we ask quarter from no one. The things that might have been done differently can not be changed now and could not be, even were we so minded; we can only wish better success and better luck to next year's staff, and this we do with all our hearts. Here's to you, '17, go to it!



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HERBERT MYERS..Sec'y and Treas.
HARRY L. WARFEL..Serg't-at-Arms

CLASS COLORS—SCARLET AND BLACK

CLASS YELL

One, nine, one, six,—
We'll put 'em all in a heluva fix.
Back, back, get off the track,
Out of the way for the scarlet and black;
We're tall, we're strong, we're tough, we're lean—
Fort Wayne High School, SIXTEEN!

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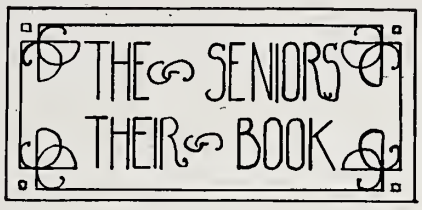
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IN CHARGE OF THE 1916 CALDRON

J. KINNER BLITZ.....Editor-in-Chief
HARRY L. WARFEL.....Business Manager


CALDRON
1916


THE SENIORS
THEIR BOOK


FWH
16



John Kinner Blitz **"John"**

Editor-in-Chief of the 1916 Caldron; Caldron Staff in Junior year; Party Committees, Sophomore and Junior years; Dance Committees, Sophomore and Senior years; Announcement Committee; Senior Play Committee; Property Manager Senior Play; Ways and Means Committee; Mathematics Club.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Houghton Wells Taylor **"Zach"**

Assistant Editor of the 1916 Caldron; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Caldron Staff in Freshman year; Honor Student.

"Sir, I hear you are a scholar—
I will be brief with you."

Harry Le Moine Warfel **"Harry"**

Business Manager of the 1916 Caldron; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Sophomore year; Class President in Junior year; Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senior Class; Freshman Dance Committee; Class Basket-ball Team in Junior year.

"The world belongs to the energetic."

Robert Kelsey Edmonds **"Bob"**

Assistant Business Manager of the 1916 Caldron; Class President in Sophomore year; Business Manager Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Announcement Committee; Dance Committee in Senior year; Charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Class Football Team in Sophomore year.

"He will be talking, as they say,
when the age is in, the wit is out."

August Detzer, Jr. **"Gus"**

Class President, Freshman and Senior years; Vice-President in Sophomore year; Social Council in Junior year; Caldron Staff in Sophomore year; Announcement Committee; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Captain of Class Track and Football Teams in Sophomore year; manager Class Basket-ball Team, Sophomore and Junior years; Varsity Basket-ball Team, Junior year; Baseball League.

"Genius begins great works;
Labor alone finishes them."

William Seymour Mossman **"Wicked"**

Class Vice-President in Senior year; Class Treasurer in Junior year; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society, and Treasurer for the years 1913-1914 and 1914-1915; Mathematics Club; Honor Student; Motto Committee.

"We thought him small—but
he's the very devil incarnate."

Herbert William Myers **"Dutch"**

Class Secretary-Treasurer in Senior year; Sergeant-at-Arms in Junior year; Caldron Staff in Senior year; Ways and Means Committee; Mathematics Club; Senior Vaudeville; Captain of Class Basket-ball Teams in Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years, and of Class Baseball Team in Junior year; Manager of Class Baseball Team in Sophomore year; Bowling Team in Junior year.

"To be strong is to be happy."

Ralph Crockett Dunkelberg **"Dunk"**

Dance Committee, Social Council, and Bowling Team in Senior year; Assistant Business Manager of the 1916 Caldron; Senior Play; Senior Vaudeville; Ways and Means Committee.

"In troth, there's wondrous things
spoke of him."





Elmer Frederick Baade **"Red"**

"Like him well; 'tis not amiss."

Corinne Frances Bitner

Mathematics Club.

"A winsome lass, who seeks to lure
With glances coy and ways demure."

Bertha Murray Brown **"Brownie"**

Honor student; Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"Enjoy the present, whatever it be;
And be not solicitous about the future."

Phil Kirk Barber **"Phil"**

Charter member of the Platonian Literary Society.

"Be to his virtues very kind;
Be to his faults a little blind.

Winifred Clara Bicknell "Bick"

Caldron Staff in Freshman and Senior years; Secretary of the Mathematics Club and of the Sorosis Literary Society in Senior year; President of the Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year; Class Party Committee in Sophomore year; Class Picnic Committee in Junior year; Class Basket-ball Team in Junior and Senior years; Senior Vaudeville; Honor Student.

"A faithful friend is forever a friend."



Emma Lauria Marie Beard

"A maiden never so bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet."

Joseph Frances Brennan

Mathematics Club; Baseball League.

"Forsooth, a great mathematician."

Olga Fredericka Brandenburger

Mathematics Club.

"The woman worth while
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."



Mynhart Oswald Brueckner "Brick"

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Track Team in Sophomore year.

"Fair science frowned not on
his humble birth."

Ruth Lorraine Cairns

"Virtue alone can ennoble."

Ralph Thomas Brower "Brower"

Dance Committees, Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years; Party Committees, Sophomore and Junior years; Publicity Manager 1916 Caldron; Mathematics Club; Class Teams: Basketball, Junior year; Baseball, Freshman year; Football, Sophomore year; Track, Sophomore year.

"For e'en though vanquished,
he could argue still."

Maurice Jacob Cook

Mathematics Club.

"He had rather venture all his limbs
for honor,
Than one of his ears to hear it."

Ewart Keller Clear **"Zeke"**

Honor Student; charter member Platonian Literary Society.

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Marion Sinclair Cherry **"Cherry"**

Senior Vaudeville; Class Basket-ball Team in Junior year.

"If you wish to be loved, love."

John Clapesattle **"Johnny"**

Track team, 1916.

"He's worth his weight in gold."

Annadale Ella Curtis

Mathematics Club.

"To be, rather than to seem to be."





Norman Cutshall
Mathematics Club.
"A deedful life; a silent tongue."

Vesta Ann Dunten
Mathematics Club.
"I trust to virtue, not to arms."

Davis Alcorn Diffenderfer "Dave"
"Of course she has good taste, for she accepts you."

Gladys Alberta Eikenbary "Ike"
Charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society; President of the Sorosis Literary Society in Sophomore year; Treasurer in Junior year; Historian in Senior year; Class Party Committees in Junior and Senior years; Mathematics Club; Commencement Dance Committee.
"Ay, a pretty girl;
The gentlemen seem moved."

Reynold William Eggeman **"Eggy"**
Charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.
"He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit."

Hope Faith Graeter
Senior Vaudeville; Mathematics Club.
"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Edward Harvey Erickson **"Eddy"**
"As proper a man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Rose Goldburger **"Rosie"**
Sorosis Literary Society; Picnic Committee in Junior year.
"There is no fairer ambition in life,
Than to excel in talk."





Arnold Christian Gerding
Mathematics Club.
"With good accent, and good discretion."

Adah Kathryn Gumpper **''Gumppie''**
Dance Committee in Freshman and Senior years; Captain of Class Basketball Team in Freshman year; Senior Vaudeville.
"All hearts are your captives."

Franklin Laity Havice **''Frank''**
"A good, sensible fellow."

Gladys Viola Hand
"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love."

June Velma Harrod **"Tudie"**

Social Council in Junior year; Senior Dance Committee; Party Committees in Sophomore and Junior years; Caldron Staff; Senior Vaudeville.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

Elis Sterner Hoglund **"?"**

President of tne Platonian Literary Society, 1915-1916; Mathematics Club; Vice-President of the X2C Club, 1915-1916; Honor Student.

"There are more things than we dreamt of in you, philosophy."

Dorothy Russell Heaton **"Dot"**

"Her voice was even, soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Frank McKinley Hall **"Frank"**

"An honest soul, in faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread."





Fredonia Herring **"Fishy"**

Captain of Class Basket-ball Teams in Junior and Senior years; Captain of School Basket-ball Team, 1915-1916; Caldron Staff, 1916; Picnic Committee in Junior year; Party Committee in Senior year.

"To whom this wreath of victory I give."

Virginia Kinnaird **"Ginny"**

Senior Play; Treasurer of Sorosis Literary Society, February to June, 1915; Vice-President of the Sorosis Literary Society, September to February, 1915-1916.

"A cheerful look makes a dish, a feast."

Maurice Walton Ingham **"Mush"**

Class Football Team in Sophomore year.

"The weight of this sad tune we must obey:
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

Valrie May Kiracofe

Charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society.

"Patience and time do more than strength or passion."

Helen Gladys Karns

Class Basket-ball Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; President of the Sorosis Literary Society, February to June, 1916; charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society; Class Picnic Committee in Junior year; Mathematics Club.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."



Ervin Fred Kaiser **"Erve"**

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"I'll warrant him heart-whole."

Bernice Gail Knight

Mathematics Club.

"Be careful, but not full of care."

Myrtle Marie Kinerk

"Thy smiles become thee best."



Helen Marie Kettler

Senior Vaudeville.

"Her gentle speech and modest ways
Left others to accord her praise."

Mary Frances Knight

"An excellent head of hair."

Esther Ida Logue

Charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society; Secretary of the Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year; Class Party Committee in Senior year; Mathematics Club; Honor Student.

"Who could blot thy name with
any just reproach?"

Earl James Lowrey **"Earl"**

Mathematics Club.

"We are blest in this man,
as I may say, even blest."

Arthur Laurents **"Art"**

Mathematics Club.

"I love not many words."

Lydia Belle McComb

Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"Given to soft and gentle speech."

Everett McKinley McKeeman **"Happy"**

"Great dignity, that is his valor."

Katherine Elizabeth Metzger **"Kat"**

Social Council in Junior year; Party Committee in Sophomore year; Senior Vaudeville.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."





Eugene Wayne Martz **"Gene"**

"Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy,
Than to be drowned and go without her."

Alice Esther Miller

"So blessed a disposition."

Irene Louise Meyer

"Patience is the art of hoping."

Myrtle Margaret Miller

Charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society; 1916 Caldron Staff; Senior Play; Party Committee in Junior year; Senior Vaudeville.

"She is a winsome, wee thing."

Gerald Carl Moore

Mathematics Club; Class Football Team in Sophomore year; Varsity Baseball Team in Junior year.

"He bears himself more proudlier."



Treva Marshall

Mathematics Club.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

Esther Margaret Miller

Class Basket-ball Teams in Junior and Senior years; School Basket-ball Team in Junior year; Party Committee in Senior year; Secretary of the Mathematics Club in Senior year.

"A disposition that's sweet and sound;
A girl who's a comfort to have around."

Lucile Maddison Morrison

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."



Lucy May Mix
"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

Esther Bell Donnell
"Of a pleasing look, a cheerful eye."

Arthur William Miller **"Art"**
Mathematics Club.
"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit."

Ruth Catherine More
"It is good,
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

Clara Bracken McMillen

Valedictorian of the 1916 class; Class Basket-ball team in Junior year; Secretary of the Sorosis Literary Society in Sophomore year; Caldron Staff in Senior year; Motto Committee; Woman's Suffrage Debate.

"True merit is like a river: the deeper it is, the less noise it makes."



Clifford Franklin Nail **"Cliff"**

Class Baseball Teams in Sophomore and Junior years.

"Your silence most offends, and to be merry best becomes you."

Herbert Leslie Popp **"Les," "Pup"**

Senior Vaudeville; Caldron Staff; winner in tennis doubles, runner-up in singles, 1915; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Track Team in Senior year; Motto Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Bowling Team.

"Another of his fashion they have not To lead their business."

Hazel Helen Oren

Sergeant-at-Arms of Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year; charter member of Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Class Picnic Committee in Junior year; Party Committee.

"A good heart's worth gold."



Luella Bertha Paul

Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Announcement Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Vice-President of Class of 1916 in Junior year; Social Council in Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years; Secretary of the Sorosis Literary Society in Sophomore year; Caldron Staff in Senior year.

"A most excellent, accomplished lady."

Thomas Outland **"Tommy"**

Class Basket-ball, Football, and Varsity Basket-ball Teams in Junior year; Track Team in Sophomore and Senior years.

"He hath of late made many tenders of his affection."

Florence Fowler Pickard
"Flossy," "Picky"

Caldron Staff in Junior and Senior years; Ways and Means Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Play; Social Council in Senior year; School Basket-ball Team in Junior and Senior years; Honor Student; Motto Committee; Vice-President of the Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year.

"And the lady shall speak her mind freely,
Or the blank verse shall halt for it."

Elmer William Parker **"Elm"**

Treasurer of the Mathematics Club, 1915.

"Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman."

Willard Thomas Plogsterth **"Bill"**

Chairman of Tennis Tournament Committee, 1916; Class Baseball Team in Sophomore year.

"One of two contending in a prize."

Gertrude Josephine Oppelt

Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Senior Vaudeville.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Ruth Hilda Reehling

Secretary of the Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year; Senior Vaudeville.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Paul Parks **"Pearl"**

Leader of Senior Play Orchestra in Junior and Senior years.

"Save thee friend and thy music."





Helen Valentine Reul

"No care beyond today."

Herbert Carl Rust **"Nabisco"**

President of the Mathematics Club two terms, 1915-1916; Caldron Staff; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Class Bowling Teams in Junior and Senior years; Honor Student; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Vaudeville.

"Where wisdom is bliss, 'tis folly to be ignorant."

Barret William Robinson **"Barrett"**

"He speaks as his understanding instructs him, and his honesty puts it to utterance."

Helen Rose Roebel

Charter member of the Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Class Picnic Committee in Junior year; Sophomore Dance Committee; Senior Vaudeville; Honor Student.

"Time spent in study is never lost."

Lawrence Schneider

Caldron Staff, 1916; Class Football Team in Junior year; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society.

"Not over serious, not too gay,
but a rare good fellow."



John Edward Spiegel **"Ed"**

Treasurer of the Mathematics Club, 1916; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; 1916 Caldron Staff; Ways and Means Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Vaudeville; Class Football Team in Sophomore year; Class Basket-ball and Baseball Teams in Junior year; Motto Committee.

"He sits high in all the people's hearts."

Oscar Frederick Sihler **"Swede"**

Mathematics Club.

"Oh, well-divided disposition! Note him!"

Sam Salan **"Sam"**

Platonian Literary Society; Senior Vaudeville; Mathematics Club; Orchestra.

"He was disposed to mirth."



Clarence Arthur Stillwell **"Stilly"**

Assistant Business Manager Senior Play; Senior Vaudeville; Assistant Business Manager of the 1916 Caldron; Captain of Track Team, 1916.

"I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."

George Dewey Runyan **"Runny"**

Mathematics Club; Varsity Baseball Team, 1915.

"Such a one is a natural philosopher."

Lucile Emily Shirey

Vice-President of the Mathematics Club in Senior year.

"So quiet and so sweet a style."

Samuel Singer **"Sam"**

Mathematics Club.

"He'll shape his old course in a country new."

Helene Juliana Strieder "Itz"

Dance Committee in Freshman year; Social Council in Sophomore and Senior years; Party Committee in Sophomore and Junior years; Mathematics Club; Caldron Staff in Senior year.

"She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt beside her."

Helen Gertrude Senseny

Mathematics Club; Social Council in Senior year; Senior Vaudeville.

"Cheerfulness is just as natural to her as color to her cheek."

Lavilla Belle Thomas

"The very quietness of spirit."

Winnie Aurelia Thomas

"Silent and attentive, too."





George Nelson Thompson **"Pete"**

Dance Committees in Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years; charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Senior Play; Circulation Manager of the 1916 Caldron; Class Football Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; Class cheer leader in Junior and senior years.

"He returns,

Frederick Charles Tustison **"Fred"**

"Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man showed thee?"
Splitting the air with noise."

Emma Mary Magdalene Stolte

"Quiet and self-contained, but earnest and sincere."

Amber Emma Till

Sorosis Literary Society.

"She's a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie."

Wayne Loring Thieme **''Wannie''**

Charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Secretary of the Platonians, 1913.

"Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat."

Theophil Edmund Winter **''Teddy''**

Mathematics Club.

"Better sense in the head than cents in the pocket."

Mildred Alice Weaver **''Milly''**

Senior Vaudeville.

"Of many counted beautiful."

Clara Catherine Wiebke

Salutatorian of the class of 1916; President of the Sorosis Literary Society in Junior year; Mathematics Club.

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."





Dorothy D. Wilding "Dosh"

"She puts her tongue a little in her heart, and chides with thinking."

Ethel Josephine Van Hoozen

Sorosis Literary Society.

"Ever precise in promise-keeping."

Arthur Ward Wilkie "Art"

Charter member of the Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"I am constant as the northern star."

Mary Cynisca Wood

Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Senior Vaudeville.

"I'll charm the air to give a sound."



Ellen Angeline Thornton Warcup
Senior Vaudeville; Sorosis Literary Society; Mathematics Club.
"Ambition does not stoop."

Ethel Grace Zimmerman
Mathematics Club.
"A faithful friend loves to the end."

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

As we remarked once before, the history of the Class of 1916 properly begins with the first election of class officers; so there we shall commence.

This election took place at a critical period of school history—the climax of the Frat War. In fact, it was one of the deciding battles of that war, for the failure of the frats to gain control of the class was a deadly blow to their cause.

The president-elect was Detzer, who initiated the spirit of progress and originality which has made old '16 famous. This spirit first manifested itself in the Freshman Dance, an altogether unprecedented thing, which so filled the class with wealth and pride that it rather over-stepped itself on its next venture —the interclass banquet, a source of great trouble and wrangling at a later time. However, the Freshman Hat chased the sorrows away. Its success was most startling and sensational, gaining for the class a wealth of flattering notoriety. Moreover, it so dis-

turbed the Seniors that they forgot their dignity and showed their hand—a flour-flush.

The second president was Edmonds. Old '16 was now running smoothly and swiftly, and Bob, who by his own account was built for speed, proved an excellent helmsman. Another anomaly made its appearance in the form of a class party given in the school. The idea became immensely popular, and all the classes are now following '16's lead. Two of these parties were given, with dr-r-ramatics as the feature of the second. There was also a brilliant dance at Tanner's Hall. Throughout the year the class received the invaluable aid and advice of Miss Parker.

And how strict old '16's conscience was in those days! Made apprehensive by the disgraceful conduct reported at the freshie dance, a special meeting was called, where a good majority (oh, would there be that many now?) voted in favor of a resolution excluding the "new" dances from the social affairs of the class—and that was the last heard of it.

Harry Warfel was president during the third year, and although the Junior Jolliness was somewhat marred by dwindling funds, the class still managed to enjoy life hugely. The first social event of the year was a dance, and the second, a party, where a Junior Play (old '16's enterprise again!) was exceptionally well presented — due to Miss Parker's tireless efforts in drilling the cast.

About this time the ghost of the interclass banquet floated in. Bills supposedly paid began to turn up. The class requested the '15s to pay their share, but the latter crowd turned yellow and crawled out, although their treasury was overloaded. The '16s bravely shouldered the whole debt but refused the Seniors a "Comp" dance, thus setting another very admirable precedent. In return, the Seniors refused us the privilege (?) of publishing the May Caldron. We expected that.

And now we come to the last and, in many respects, the best year. With Detzer as president again the ship of state sailed boldly forth on the last leg of its journey. The announcements committee was immediately selected so that there could be no delay when the time came (but there was, after all), and the Senior Play committee got busy. An article on the play appears elsewhere in this issue, therefore we shall pass on. A party was given at Unity Hall, and everybody had a nice time, more or less. Then came '16's last bold venture. Since the Senior Play had not been a financial success, something had to be done to raise money for the Commencement Ball. A Ways and Means committee, proposed by J. K. Blitz, was formed with Dunkelberg as chairman, to devise some method of filling the coffers of the class. This august body, after careful deliberation, proposed to give a dance, also a vaudeville. In this proposition the class saw its chance of salvation, and snapped it up. Both events were great successes, due, in no small measure, to the excellent advance publicity given them. When the question of the Senior pictures came up, the class accepted Mr. Perry's bid. The Seniors have been all shot, and the photos appear elsewhere in the book. Each picture cost the owner thereof $0.20, not particularly because he so much desired to have his face in the Caldron, but because the Ways and Means committee decreed it.

In athletics the Class of 1916 is justly famous, both in interclass and interschool contests. Many a coveted championship has come into its possession; many an illustrious name has been added to the athletic roll of honor—Stillwell, Myers, Outland, Bradley, Sprang, and many more. And we point with pride to the girls, also, for they have certainly done their full share in gaining and maintaining the athletic

reputation of their class, as well as starring in school athletics. The names of Herring, Miller, Pickard, Cherry, Bicknell and others shine resplendent in basketball annals.

Before concluding, we desire, in the name of the class, to offer our most sincere and hearty thanks to Miss Parker, for her inestimable help and kindness; to Mr. Croninger, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Voorhees, for their services as faculty advisors and social council members; to Carl Wilhelm Detzer, alias "Fat," for his untiring efforts in the way of publicity; and lastly to Mr. Ward, for the interest he has taken in the class, and the wise counsel he has given it.

And so end the annals of the most extraordinary, enterprising and entertaining class that ever has been or ever will be.

W. B. and H. T., '16.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS—HEAR YE!

My next evangelistic revival campaign was to be conducted in the flourishing town of Olson, Minn. I had been there several years before back in 1930, I think, but on account of the evil influence of the ex-convicts and yeggs, I had been forced to abandon Olson as a field for my activities. When I dismounted from the train a grimy individual who responded to the name of Havice insisted on smashing my baggage. He escorted me to the Red Dog Saloon, which was under the management of Herb Myers, the owner of the only hotel in Olson. Stepping up to the bar for a schooner of Thieme's beer, which had drowned out the Schlitz company, I was surprised to see "Stewey" Edmonds dispensing the beverage. But imagine my still more intense surprise when I stepped into the barber shop only to hear Gus Detzer yell, "Next!"

As Edmonds did not have to tend bar that night, he volunteered to take me out for a good time. "To show me the dawn," as he expressed it. We were strolling aimlessly down the big stem or main drag, when we were confronted by a large electric sign, bearing the following interesting legend:

MOSSMAN'S THEATRE
—BURLESQUE—

Always ready to give our former schoolmates our patronage, we walked into the lobby, which was lined with gay colored posters of which this was one:

THIS WEEK—ALL STAR CAST!!!!!
ZEKE CLEAR,
A WINNER WITH THE WIMMEN!!

ASSISTED BY VESTA DUNTEN

We purchased tickets from Martz at the window for twenty cents. The show was unusually poor, there being nothing of interest except the chorus, in which Flossie Pickard was third from the end, and the soubrette, June Harrod. The remainder of my stay in Olson did not concern any other members of our class, so I will not tell you how I converted the barflies of the Red Dog Saloon.

From Olson I went to New York City, where I added Les Popp, the famous revival singer, and Ralph Brower, the organist, to my staff. Tom Outland, a news kid, sold me a "New York Daily Pi Gam," edited by J. K. Blitz, and managed by Ed Spiegel. It was an interesting paper and contained several items concerning old 1916's. I will set forth a few of them here:

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 31 (Special to Pi Gam).—H. W. ("Zach") Taylor, coach of the Cornell championship football team, will be unable to participate in

his annual pugilistic encounter with "Schnitz" Schneider, the world's feather-weight title holder, on account of a disagreement between the managers, Art Wilkie and Norman Cutshall.

Lisbon, Ind., Nov. 31.—The Rust-Heaton divorce trial will take place this afternoon. Rust, who is the male assistant of a local dancing teacher, Miss Kiracofe, charges his wife with non-support.

Here are several extracts from some of the various departments of the paper:

Society

Miss Ike Eikenbary is stopping at the Hotel Laurents. She is here on business for Hoglund & Clapesattle Corset Co., of Norwalk, Ohio, a small western village.

Theatre

Miss Venus Gumpper, II., is appearing at Brueckner's theatre this week in a new diving act. Miss Gumpper is the charming young lady who forced Annette Kellerman's company into the hands of the receiver.

Professional

Dr. Stillwell, of Columbia City, Ind., will give a lecture on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway this evening on "Votes for Women." He is accompanied by his wife, Lil—somebody. (I don't recall the name).

After a two weeks' revival champagne in New York, I went to Lost Angolas, California. The citizens there, led by Mayor Eggeman, received me with open pocket books, and showed me the town. They first took me to the California Institute for Feeble Minded Youths, where we saw two fellows, clad in blue gingham overalls, holding a spirited argument at the gate. These poor unfortunates turned out to be Harry Warfel and Pete Thompson. Each was plainly demonstrating the suspicion that they were nutty, to be a fact.

Chief of Police Plogsterth took me to Barber's Cafe for dinner. Helen Roebel and Sam Salon were the cabaret entertainers, while Earl Lowry waited on our table. We paid our bill to cashier McMillen, and jumped into a taxi, driven by Robinson, which was waiting at the curb, to take us to Kaiser's razor factory. There we found Parks turning out "Whatho" razors at a great rate of speed. Ted Winter and Frank Hall were in the packing room, getting the instruments of torture ready for shipment to high school sophomores.

From Lost Angolas my religious work carried me to Kirksville, Mo. When I entered the street car for the hotel I noticed a sad forlorn air about the motorman. Real minister-like I tried to cheer him up, but found that it was only Dave Diffenderfer. The reason for his melancholia was that Marion Cherry had run off with Oscar Sihler, who was a corporal in the U. S. Army, stationed at Manila. Glancing out of the car window I saw a gaily painted building with the following sign in white letters:

"INGHAM & McKEEMAN
ENTERPRISING UNDERTAKERS
We Want Your Business."

While in Kirksville I found that Maurice Cook was janitor in the high school and Runyan was his understudy. Elmer Baade and Dorothy Wilding were conducting a ladies' furnishing store next door to Bicknell's home for orphan cats and dogs, at which establishment Corinne Bitner was a caretaker.

Next I went to Pensacola, Florida, where I visited Madame Kavelderfish Metzger, a world-famous seeress. After paying her the stipulated sum, she told me the whereabouts and occupations of some of the missing seniors.

"Esther Logue is a waitress in Gerald Moore's hash house in Tombstone,

Arizona. Rose Goldberger is state chemist at Butte, Montana. Elmer Parker is running a laundry at Presidio, Texas. Winnie Thomas is the superintendent. Emma Beard, Helen Ktttler, Hope Graeter and Mildred Weaver are serving terms at the penitentiary for holding a suffrage demonstration in Shreveport, Louisiana. Mary Wood is teaching kindergarten at Kalamazoo. And Helen Karns is helping Gertrude Oppelt publish a translation of "Die Hartzreise." Kat then told me to go to Erickson & Tustison's Pharmacy and try some of their newly discovered drug, which would enable me to find out about some other "16's." I was waited upon by Bertha Brown. Upon taking the drug, I had the sensation of falling asleep, then my mind became wonderfully clear. The first thought that entered my head was: "I wonder what has become of Itz Streider?"

Immediately I saw her selling tickets for a moving picture theatre in Bangor, Maine. Then I saw Myrtle Miller shaking a tambourine for the Salvation Army in Little Rock, Arkansas. Next I saw Helen Reul training a beauty chorus for Louella Paul's latest play, "Why Girls Leave Home." Arnold Gerding and Arthur Miller were chorines and Lydia McComb and Bernice Knight were chorus girls. Then I saw an ad for Clifford Nail's Laundry Soap in Senseny's magazine. Olga Brandenberger was driving a coal wagon for the Herring Coal Co., in Omaha, Nebraska. Lavilla Thomas was local agent for Mix's Sure Kill pills in Portland, Oregon. Amber Till was selling Hand motor cars in Pittsburgh, with headquarters at Shirey's garage.

When I was leaving the drug store I was struck by a milk wagon driven by Treva Marshall and was rushed to the hospital in Zimmerman's ambulance. I was surprised to find that Angeline Warcup was the nurse. I did not follow out the usual custom of marrying the nurse, however.

Next I was called to Salt Lake City to conduct a reform. There I found that Joe Brennan had a harem that made the Sultan of Turkey resemble a bachelor. Lucile Morrison was running a chop suey joint next door to Singer's clothing store. Emma Stolte was a telephone girl at the Hotel de Gink, where I put up during my brief stay in Salt Lake City.

Finally I was called back to Fort Wayne. I found Annadale Curtiss operating a jitney bus on the State Street route. Virginia Kinnaird lived on a farm four and a half miles from town. Her hobby was raising smell-less onions. Mary Knight was secretary at the Y. W. C. A. Esther McDonnell was a police matron, while Irene Meyer was fire chief. Alice Miller was on the board of public safety. Hazel Oren was head saleslady at Reehling & Van Hoozen's Millinery Shop. Clara Wiebke—was—married. Ruth More was selling insurance. Esther Miller and Myrtle Kinerk were lawyers of the "bar," and Ruth Cairns—well—Ruth had a poor job. She was filling Mayor Hosey's shoes—with—?

And now my prophecy is done. I have found some unsuitable occupation for every member of the class without "looking into the glass globe," without referring to New Haven or Roanoke, and without having someone replace the various members of the faculty in our high school. Those of you who are disappointed in your destiny, do not kick, because you probably didn't bribe me to write something good about you. Register your complaints at my evangelistic headquarters, Riegel's Cigar Store.

I really do not expect Stewey Edmonds to be a bartender, Gus Detzer to be a barber (although it does look like he cuts his own hair), Flossie Pickard to be a chorus girl or Winnie Thomas to take in washing for Parker, or some

of the others to follow the occupations I have set down.

When I read this prophecy over, I am deeply impressed with the realization that it scintillates with the essence of one serious mistake. This prediction is good evidence that I do not belong to a religious revival staff, but should be "over the river."

THE RT. REV. DUNKELBERG, D. D.
High Priest and Prophetess of the Class of 1916.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The success of a play has, like Janus, two aspects—the financial and the artistic. When speaking of the late Senior Play, we pass rather hurriedly over the first of the above aspects, feeling that on that subject a discreet silence is most compatible with our dignity. But on the second we rhapsodise. The play was most emphatically an artistic success, and even the distressing behavior of Old Faithful did not mar it. The cast included August Detzer, as William Winkler, the gay old gentleman about whom the plot revolves; Ralph Dunkelberg, as the hero, whose appearance in skirts was a sensation, to say the least; Virginia Kinnaird, in the role of the celebrated Kitty; William Mossman, as the amiable, quasi-poetic, doddering Benjamin Moore; Louella Paul, as the heroine; Florence Pickard, who appeared in the rather uninviting part of Aunt Jane, a maiden lady of advanced years; Herbert Rust, as the negro porter; Nelson Thompson, as the bell boy; and Myrtle Miller, as Aunt Jane's maid. With all these notables in the same play, the audience never went begging for a laugh. Even at this late date we smile to think of the scene where Winkler, having escorted one of the Kitties into the hotel, turns around to find the other one waiting outside; likewise, the asinine amiability of Benjamin Moore, and the fruitless attempts of Sam to get rid of the trunk, are things which we will not soon forget. The production was a credit to the class and to the school; in it the Seniors fully justified both their own good opinion of themselves and other people's good opinion of them.

It is unfortunate that more pictures of the production were not obtainable for this account, but the one, at least, shows the artistic scenery arranged by J. K. Blitz, as property man, and paid for by R. Kelsey Edmonds and C. Arthur Stillwell, business managers.



(Photo courtesy the Sentinel.)

From left to right the characters appearing above are: Herbert Rust, as Sam, the negro porter; Myrtle Miller, as Suzanne, the maid; Nelson Thompson, as the bell-boy; and Ralph Dunkelberg, as Bobby Baxter disguised as Kitty.



(Photo courtesy the Sentinel.)

The above picture shows all of the characters in the play, with the exception of Willie Mossman and Herbert ("Nabisco") Rust, whose natural bashfulness would not permit them to have their pictures taken in such distinguished company. From left to right are Ralph Dunkelberg (Bobby Baxter), Nelson Thompson (Ting, the bell-boy), August Detzer (William Winkler), Herbert Rust (Sam, the porter), Louella Paul (Jane, Winkler's niece), Myrtle Miller (Suzanne), Virginia Kinnaird (Kitty), Florence Pickard (Aunt Jane).



IN RETROSPECT

(On Leaving the Fort Wayne High School Forever)

I was thy inmate once, thou cut stone pile;
For four full years I oft frequented thee,—
In fact, five days per week; and all the while
The soot was blacker settling, I could see.

So dim the sky, so thick with soot the air;
So dingy, ever dingier. day by day!
When e'er I looked, black flakes were falling there.
And fast they stuck, and would not wash away.

How dismal was the tint! It seemed too thick
For rain to cleanse, which takes away, nor brings;
I could have fancied, when I saw it stick
The stain of soot saddest of all sad things.

Ah, then, had I but held a magic wand
To move thee to a fairer spot, let in a gleam
Of light that ne'er was soot bedimmed, and land
Enough around thee for the student's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou Bedford pile,
Amid a scene how different from here!
Where there was room for students more to smile,
And for the Board a Giant Gym to rear.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure house galore,
These last four years, a chronicle of pride;
With all the memories Students love to store,
Housed in thy walls, for evermore to bide.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
The picture would have been,—'tis so no more;
I leave you now, submit to new control;
The dream is gone, which time will not restore.

And this good building, standing here sublime,
I grieve to see its patient look, which braves
Its present prospect for all future time,
Of over-crowded rooms, and soot in waves.

But, summon fortitude, and patient cheer,
To bear the sights of what must still be borne!
Such sights,—or worse—as are before me here—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

—(Sometime after Wordsworth)



LOOKING BACKWARD

In February, 1912, when snow was on the grass,
There entered thro' these high school doors a scintillating mass
Of boys and girls. September next, a hundred more did pass.
And after that we soon were hailed "a forward-looking class."

Our numbers swelled—so did our heads; likewise our stature rose;
And if we could reach the mark, we stood upon our toes.
The foll'ing June, we pinned our hat, as everybody knows,
Above the Junior banner, 'fore the graduates, our foes.

We'd gathered shekels in a way they said we hadn't ought,
And felt so rich and grand and free, we wasted wealth like wat—
Er. Broke, we bounced right up again. And ne'er was culprit caught
When to the breeze our banner streamed, and won the fame we sought.

Ah, well, the climax of our play was reached a year ago,
And since that time, our "forward march" is tempoed rather slow;
Our ranks are sadly thinned; our bank account is running low.
Sly critics hint that out the small end of the horn we go.

But they should fret, and not forget, when Balaclava thundered,
That of the noble six that charged, there came back but two hundred,
While we, in charging up the steeps of rocky old Parnassus,
Are even up,—just **half** are saved, of all our gallant masses.

To paraphrase the bard, and sieze a consolation small:
"'Tis better to have charged and lost, than not have charged at all."
Nor never was a soldier yet, who cared a blooming flivver
For honor higher than to be proclaimed a "sole survivor."



THE LAMENT OF THE SILENT SIX

Now near two years agone, one night,
The quiet stars looked smiling down upon a scene
No mortal may describe.
Dark o' the moon it was—that's sure. Nobody knew
Nor knoweth now, by whom the deed was done
Save those by whom 'twas done.
We only know 'twas dark,—else had those lads been caught,
Who planned the deed and dared to carry it out
For 1916's honor.
But **how** 'twas made—that climb from terra firma to the roof—
Can only be surmised.
They tried, succeeded, lived—but **not** to tell the tale!
Mystery still hides not only them, but that which they unfurled—
A sable banner, made with hands,
And on that sable field, a legend, 'bossed in scarlet,
Proclaimed to all who saw: "1-9-1-6,"
And hung in glory there.
The morning breeze toyed with its folds for one brief hour
Of triumph. Then, alas! Plague on't, there waddled forth
Upon the roof, the bulky form of Fate.
With lowering mien, and countenance like thunder-cloud
He snatched from its moorings, that beauteous, innocent emblem of our "spirit,"
Right before our eyes!
Scanned the room for evidence, which found he not; then bore our flag
Away, with air of vast importance, to some musty spot
Where moth and rust corrupt.
Why was this thus? We weep. It seemed a harmless thing;
Nor mark nor scar by it was left; sure, 'twas no heinous crime. O! **Why?**

. . . . . .

This cryptic silence is our sole reply.

THE JUNIORS THEIR BOOK





W. MORRIS	**GLADYS HADLEY**	**G. HUDSON**	**HELEN HACKIUS**
President	Vice President	Secret'y-Treasurer	Social Council
MARIE KELLER	**MR. THOMAS**	**H. KENDRICKS**	**MISS WINGERT**
Social Council	Faculty Advisor	Social Council	Faculty Advisor
C. ROTHERT	**M. LINDEMUTH**	**R. STAMBAUGH**	**W. MORRISS**
Caldron Editor	Business Manager	Assistant Manager	Assistant Editor



The Junior Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

WILLIAM MORRIS.....President GLADYS HADLEY .....Vice-President
GEORGIANA HUDSON.....Sec'y-Treas.

CLASS COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK

CLASS YELL

Ka Zim, Ka Zam, Ka Flippidy Reen,
Silence—Gangway—'17.
We're full of life, we're full of pep,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Cascaret.
Fighta, kicka, chew-a-bit,
Sleepa, snora, rare-a-bit.
We're big and small, we're fat and lean,
Take off your hat to '17.

FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS WINGERT MR. THOMAS

SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

HELEN HACKIUS MARIE KELLER HARRY KENDRICKS

1917 CALDRON STAFF

CARL ROTHERT .....Editor-in-Chief WILHELMINA MORRISS....Asst. Ed.
M. LINDEMUTH.....Business Manager RUSSELL STAMBAUGH....Asst. Mgr.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

(By Georgiana Hudson)

When we timidly entered the high school in September, 1913, we were as green as the rest of the "Freshies" who had preceded us. With the help of the Juniors, of whom we stood in awe—then,—we elected Calvin Jackson, President; William Morris, Vice President; and Carroll O'Rourke, Secretary and Treasurer. Our social council consisted of Gladys Hadley, Fred Stolte, and Waine Short, with Miss Wingert and Mr. Clark as social advisors. We chose Black and Gold for our class colors and also soon selected our class pins.

We started our social life with a dance in February. In May we had a fine time at a class party given at school. These two events served to launch us in the social sea of our high school life.

The next year, being Sophs, we were fully able to carry on our class affairs and think for ourselves. When the votes were counted Stanford McKee-

man was President; William Morris, Viee President; and Georgiana Hudson, Seeretary and Treasurer. The soeial council members were Gladys Hadley, Clarenee Miller, Alice Wilding, Miss Wingert, and Mr. Knight. Later in the year Aliee Wilding resigned and Waine Short was eleeted in her plaee.

We had a hallowe'en party and played all the usual hallowe'en games, had our fortunes told, and fished (in Oetober!) In Mareh we had a new kind of a elass party. We all met at the Y. W. C. A., went to the Jefferson Theatre, and after wearing out our lungs during and between pietures, we returned to the Y. W. C. A. for a midnight (almost, anyway) lunch.

For our third year we ehose William Morris, President; Gladys Hadley, Viee President; Georgiana Hudson, Seeretary and Treasurer; and a soeial eouneil eonsisting of Marie Keller, Harry Kendrieks, and Helen Hackins; Miss Wingert and Mr. Thomas being our faeulty advisors.

Oetober seems to be a favorite month for parties. So we had a "hard times hallowe'en" party on October 27. Miss Wingert and Mr. Croninger were chaperones. A very elever "pipe dream" was given in the auditorium with Bill Morris as the dreamer and the subjects of his dreams portrayed by a number of the girls of our elass. An indoor traek meet followed, and hallowe'en favors were given to the winners of eaeh event. By then it was time to eat. Several witehes sent us flying down to the luneh room, whieh was deeorated with eorn shueks and hallowe'en paper and lighted by eandles in earved pumpkins on all the tables. We had a regular hallowe'en supper served by the witehes. We did not leave until we had had a flash-light taken of our "happy party."

On Mareh 10 we had a danee-party at Unity Hall. First there was a contest to see who eould make the greatest number of words out of "Saint Patriek's Day." A small St. Patrick's pipe was the prize. We played "Three Deep," whieh was rather exeiting on the waxed dance floor. There were tables with eard games, sueh as "Flinch" and "Red Letters," for those who did not dance. The rest of us daneed to our heart's eontent, after the girls had bid for their partners for the grand march. It was a leap year party and the girls had to do the "asking" for the dances. Iee ream and eake were served as refreshments. Miss Wingert and Mr. Knight were the ehaperones.

We are nearing our last, best, and busiest year, at the end of whieh we say "goodbye" to our high sehool, gladly or sadly, aeeording to our natures.

THE JUNIOR CELEBRITIES

In attempting to write up our celebrities, we found the elass to contain so many that it was impossible to give them all space here. However, we tried to diseriminate impartially and justly; and therefore sincerely trust that no one will be offended in not finding his or her name in this list.

(Signed)
THE 1917 CALDRON EDITORS.

Miss Wingert.

Miss Wingert has been our soeial advisor since our entrance into the aetivities of the sehool during our freshman year, and she has never disappointed us in our time of need. She certainly deserves all the praise one eould write, for she has ever given her time most gladly to the interests of the elass, has kept its politics clean, and has worked

hard to make our class parties the great successes they have been. We deeply appreciate and thank her for this willingness and for her loyalty to the class.

Mr. Knight.

The kindly gentleman with a genial smile, a capacity for telling a good joke, and a genuine interest in our class, is our faculty advisor, Mr. Knight. He has chaperoned several of our social functions during the last two years, and has done much to make them successful. There are always some things it takes a man to do—especially in connection with parties—and surely no one could handle affairs to better advantage than Mr. Knight has for the class.

William Morris.

To imbue a class wih anything like a proper spirit is indeed a difficult task, but one which our president, "Bill" Morris, is easily taking care of. His former experience in class politics has amply fitted him to do his work well, having been vice president both the freshman and sophomore years, and being identified since with almost everything going on in the class. He has also taken great interest in school athletics, and was on the class sophomore foot-ball team. In short, he is an "all 'round" fellow, ready to do anything, and capable of filling most any position well, as shown by the excellent way he is caring for the class.

Gladys Hadley.

Gladys has always shown a keen interest in our class. She was one of the social committee for the first two years, and vice president the third year. She has also been one of the Caldron class representatives. She is just full of original ideas for our parties, and works unfailingly to carry them out. We would "miss Gladys sadly," and hope we won't be put to the test.

Georgiana Hudson.

For class spirit in every way, none excel Georgiana. A class party without her would be a novelty, indeed. Any time anything has to be done or decided, she is willing to do her share, and more too, if necessary. For the last two years she has held the responsible position of secretary and treasurer, and last year was Caldron class representative. And when it comes to "A's and E's," she has us all beaten, for her name is always foremost on the honor roll of our class. This was readily recognized in choosing our Caldron staff, in which she will be one of the literary editors. This success of that department is assured by this fact alone.

Clarence O. Miller.

There are several ways to attain honors in a class. Some may accord an officer the highest honor; another the best athlete; but above these, ranks without doubt the honor due Clarence in connection with his oratory. To be an officer requires little; but to get up before the school in a speech the nature of his, and to oppose as well as he did his competitors, does require something —a something which is sadly lacking in most of the students of this school—an unbounded energy, a deep-seated spirit and a grim determination and grit well worth admiring. Certainly the class can feel righteously proud of his efforts. In the sophomore year, he was made a member of the social council, taking an unusual interest in class affairs. He later joined the Platonians, immediately became recognized as a sound, fluent speaker, and is now treasurer in that society.

Van Barnett.

Van, formerly "little" Barnett in contrast with the big players, has gradually risen to be one of our best athletes. He has played on several "varsity" teams, besides many of our class teams. The unusual thing about Van is that he has pulled down about as many "A's" and "E's" as any in the class—a thing most unusual for a good and popular athlete in a class. With his athletic training and literary ability, he will

undoubtedly be successful as athletic editor next year.

Harry Kendricks.

Harry is another of our star athletes. His career along these lines has been as illustrious as any in the class. As a result, he would have made a fine athletic editor; but his literary ability and wide range of acquaintances, and therefore his knowledge of school events, have fitted him admirably for his position as school news editor instead. At present, he is a member of the social council.

Mary Williams.

Mary's smile and enthusiasm are infectious. She is always ready to help, and never shirks. We can always count on Mary, if everyone else fails to respond. Thus we are sure her society news in next year's Caldron will be full of "pep."

Marie Keller.

Besides being on our social council this year and doing her share in our "class business and work," Marie is one of our champion athletes. Marie, we are counting on your help next year; and too, expect you to easily make good as athletic editor.

Helen Hackins.

Helen is on our social council, and her good work there is evinced by the success that has attended it. She has not only helped plan our parties, but has also faithfully attended them. Besides being on the social council, Helen is also a fine tennis player—in last year's tournament, she survived until the semi-finals.

Paul Bachelor.

To have a successful Caldron next year, many long hours will have to be spent in making drawings for cuts. No one but the designer himself can imagine the hard work it takes to get the drawing ready for the engraver. If any one deserves praise, surely our illustrators will, and Paul is "right there with the goods." He also deserves credit for the admirable manner in which he handled a part of the last senior vaudeville. It takes practice and genius too, to run a play off as smoothly as he did.

Clarence Baughman.

Besides Paul, our class has the overwhelming distinction of having another illustrator, Clarence. There can be no doubt whatever of his success next year, as he has been turning out for a long time now, some remarkably fine cuts for the present Caldron. With such an energetic worker as Clarence, the Caldron cannot fail to have this department developed to a greater extent than hitherto possible.

Harold D. C. Kinney.

With the intellect, the willingness for hard work, and the executive ability, capable of filling any position on the staff, Harold will certainly make one of the best literary editors the Caldron has ever had. Of considerable literary ability himself, he will be able to recognize good stories when they are handed in; and, in case none are handed in, be able to write good ones himself. This year, he is one of the Caldron class representatives, and the results have proven the wisdom of our choice. Besides the class, he has taken great interest in the various organizations, and is vice president of the Mathematics Club, as well as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Platonians, the latter of which position he has held two terms.

Ivan Welty.

Mathematician, orator, and vocalist —these are only a few of Ivan's accomplishments. These, combined with his enthusiasm and "pep," are certain to make him an efficient circulation manager next year. And it will take all the tenacity and ingenuity one can imagine in a person to hold down the job right; but Ivan is the fellow who is going to do it. His geld of activities, however, is very extensive. Being a mathematician, he is a member of the Mathematics Club, in which he has

acted on several commitees—especially the refreshment committee! Then too, he finally stimulated enough interest to organize the present Glee Club, of which he is deserving president. He is also vice president of the Platonians, though formerly secretary.

Maurice Lindemuth.

The 1917 Caldron staff must feel glad to know that the financial part of the paper will be taken care of by so able a person as Maurice. Like many of our celebreties, he too is an athlete. He has played on several class teams, and on a number of independent high school teams. Because of his quiet, business-like character, his class spirit and his business ability, he richly deserves his election to the position of business manager.

Russel Stambaugh.

The highly enthusiastic, very loquacious, though slightly abbreviated bit of celebrity to which we are now introduced, is "Cutie," our new assistant business manager. He is full of enthusiasm and desire for work, and can talk like a regular, professional traveling salesman. Just keep your eye on "Cutie," and watch him bring in the ads next year by the dozen.

Wilhelmina Morriss.

Our poet, Wilhelmina, is always ready with a rhyme to fit any occasion that may arise. She has helped each year with our class history, and so we expect great things from her next year as assistant editor of the Caldron.

Carl Rothert.

Editor-in-chief of the 1917 Caldron. During all the four years of one's high school life, there is one honor a student may receive, which ranks—towers—way above any other honors. The 1917 class has accorded that one main honor—editorship of the Caldron—to the person who, too, ranks high among his classmates, and who most logically and fittingly should receive this honor, Carl Rothert. He has won his position not through any outside agency, but through a character unequalled by any in the class. It takes literary ability to fill the position, and Carl has that; but it alone is not all that is necessary. It is just such a character as Carl has, that is needed most. One has three years to show what he is. His true character is bound to come out in that length of time,—and Carl has shown his metal. In all that time, he was never found angry, but always cool and collected. No one is his enemy, for he always gets along with everybody. His main essential is politeness—first, last and forever—and this, together with an inborn spirit and deep sense of humor, an unfailing loyalty and friendliness, have won for him many sincere friends in all the classes. Is it any wonder, then, that the class has settled down to the firm belief that next year they will have a better Caldron than any preceding one? And in the foremost ranks will be Carl, leading his staff up the rugged, steep mountain-side to success.

SOPHOMORE SONNET.

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18)

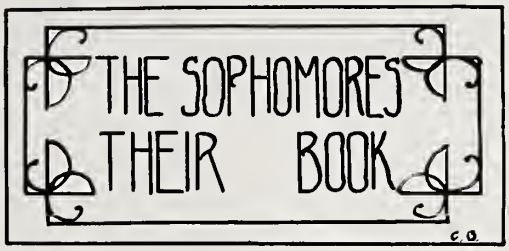
Oh rapture sweet,
Oh joy so rare,
Oh ectcasy so blissful;
To be a happy
Sophomore with cares
So infantisemal.

To know no woe,
To bear no grief,
To have no darkening sorrow;
To laugh away
Dull care all day,
To know no coming morrow.

We give no care
To aught you say,
Our rule doth all surpass;
And who would claim
To mar our fame,
To talk against our class!

A Senior grave,
A Junior bold,
A Freshman young and green;
Do **they** seem free
In ectcasy,
When with our rapture seen?

We do excel
As all do tell,
All others, near and far;
We **are** the class
That **has** the class,
Whose fame you cannot mar.


THE SOPHOMORES
THEIR BOOK


1
F
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H
8



H. SHAMBAUGH	W. MOELLERING	HELEN STOPHER	J. UNDERHILL
President	Vice-President	Secret'y-Treasurer	Social Council
C. FIGEL	**MISS BROWN**	**MR. NEFF**	**N. KENDALL**
Social Council	Faculty Advisor	Faculty Advisor	Social Council



1918 Class Yell.

Ki, yi! Ki, yi! Ki flimity flam!
Tickle your nose, who gives a damn?!!
Purple and white, purple and white,
Nineteen eighteen, out of sight!

FROM FRESHMEN TO JUNIORS

It was a sunshiny day in September, 1914, that first looked upon the frightened little Freshies who were to be, had they only known it, members of one of the most brilliant and active classes of the high school. To be sure, the February before had seen some of them—a goodly sum, to be exact. Tho' by September these "some" were fairly accustomed to the lordly manner of Seniors, the fatherly kindness of Juniors, and the boisterous pride of Sophomores, yet, they must admit, they were still Freshies. And, too, it was not until September that the election of officers was made.

That year, the high school seemed like a family of four children—the Seniors sided with their kid brother, the Soph; but the Juniors—bless them —took the part of the little Freshies. They guided us through our first meeting, when Clarence Strodel (who has left us now) was elected president, Helen Stopher, vice president; Howard Shambaugh, secretary and treasurer; Connie Bogart, Bob Seidel, and Mary Evans (of which three Connie alone still adorns our ranks) council representatives. Mrs. Edson and Miss May were then chosen as faculty advisors. The class colors first selected, were blue and gold; but because there was so much dispute as to whether the blue was dark or light, they were soon changed to purple and white, about which a mistake could hardly be made.

In the Freshman year, we gave two parties, both at the school, and both a great success in every way. To the second we invited the 1919's, who had taken a part of the burden of greenness from our shoulders.

And then, in September, 1915, we became mighty Sophomores, and could appreciate the important feeling we knew the former Sophs to have possessed. At a meeting early in the year, Howard Shambaugh was elected president, Willard Moellering, vice president; Helen Stopher, secretary and treasurer; Norman Kendall, Clarence Figel, and Joseph Underhill, social council members; Henry Damnecker, sergeant-at-arms, and Ralph Wilkens, an able cheer-leader. Miss Brown and Mr. Neff we wisely chose as faculty advisors, and to them we owe our good times and successful parties throughout our second year.

A class tennis tournament was energetically begun the third week of school. Tekla Wermuth, that is, Tec, won the girls' singles; Tec and Ethel Eggeman, girls' doubles; Murdoch Mullholland, boys' singles; Mullholland and Woebbeking, boys' doubles.

A class orchestra was organized, which has revealed its quality at our several parties as well as at chapel.

In November we gave a County Fair class party which was as unique and enjoyable as it sounds. And then came our famous cap episode which aroused so much excitement about class spirit, and also awoke the sparks of anger smoldering in Mr. Ward's being ever since the upheavals caused by the Class of '15. For a few days the doors were guarded, and no one wearing an inch

of class color was allowed to enter. The poor Freshmen were so frightened that some stayed home till their mothers could rip the white off their green dresses or dye their ties (for green and white, you know, were the Freshman colors.)

Our second party was held at Unity Hall and was delightful. A little scenario, written by Mr. Neff, and a mock wedding, were the specially arranged and specially enjoyed parts of the program—dancing happily filled the rest of the evening.

With all our good times, we have been making good in our class work, too. Count the '18's in the honor roll and look at their grades, if you don't believe it.

—D. A. S., '18.

Who's Who in 1918.

In our class of nineteen eighteen
Are a number fair of fame;
They are mighty, full of prowess,
They are worthy of their name.
First and foremost comes our leader,
President of this famous crowd;
Here's to Shambaugh, once and always,
Of his presence we are proud.
Moellering also is included
In this list of who-is-who;
By their works are great men thought of,
In Bill's case by what he'll do.
Then to keep our funds so treasured
And the doings of our works,
Helen Stopher was elected—
She her duty never shirks.
Kendall, Underhill, and Clarence Figel
Were chosen to represent
A social council—austere and regal,
In harmony with our president.
Wilkens is our great cheer-leader,
Dannecker, sergeant-at-arms.
The latter keeps all kinds of order,
The former gives us all alarms.
Dorothy Shulze and Underhill
Write up our doings divers,
Miss Brown and Mr. Neff are now
Our faculty advisors.
In this review of who-is-who,
Of more I'd like to speak,
But these stand out in brilliant light,
And with their honor reek.
All hail to this most noble class,
Immortal now forever,
To this our standard—to this our aim,
All classes shall endeavor.

—ROSE PELZWEIG, '18.

THE FRESHMEN THEIR BOOK



DARWIN MYERS
President

JOHN WATT
Secretary-Treasurer

HARRY KELLER
Social Council

NAOMI BANKS
Social Council

LOUISE BAADE
Social Council

MR. TYNER
Faculty Advisor

MISS WILLIAMS
Faculty Advisor



CLASS YELL

Rah, rah, roo,
Rah, rah, rex;
M D 4 C
X I X

CLASS COLORS—GREEN AND WHITE

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Class history in general is the same —elections, parties, etc. The history of the Class of 1919 is no exception. A few weeks after the semester opened, the Juniors "organized" our class—at least they thought they did. Our officers were elected in the following order:

President, Darwin Myers; Vice President, Erna Bruns; Secretary and Treasurer, N. B., none other than John Watt.

We then selected green and white as the class colors. Mr. Tyner and Miss Williams consented to guide our class through its freshman troubles, (but we didn't have any) and they immediately became our advisors. We decided to show the other classes that we were on the same map with them. Accordingly, we laid our plans, and hatched them, beginning with a party at Unity Hall. The party was a great success, with an attendance of two hundred. We played games, and then had our picture taken; but the camera must have balked at somebody's face, for we never saw any pictures. "Finally," refreshments were served. And after that, it was necessary to play, "Home Sweet Home" before everybody took the hint and departed.

Nothing more happened for awhile, except that the 9B's arrived, following which we made numerous threats to have parties, and eventually did have one, at the school. This was a greater success than the former, there being about two hundred and fifty students present. Amusing entertainments were held in the Auditorium, after which refreshments were served, followed by more games. During part of the evening, there were about fifty Juniors and Sophs "hanging 'round the door," waiting for girls, but they "got stung."

Altogether, we have had a very prosperous Freshman year, and we hope the same good luck will attend our career as Sophomores.

One important point has been forgotten, viz: Maurice Rohan was elected Janitor of Parties. He accepted, and performs his work in the same remarkable manner as he does his studies.

THE SESSION ROOM.

Sitting in the session room,
  One sees some novel sights;
Scenes of anguish, scenes of joy,
  All from different heights.
In and out in puzzling tangle,
Without rupture, without mangle;
Just a passing undefined,
Without reason, quite refined.
From their classes each and every
  All will come from different ways,
And their faces will show their
  Views of life from every phase.
Not a break in line or phalanx,
  Not a break in strength or speed;
All their separate duties filling,
  All their separate duties heed.
This is not Elysium joyful,
  Nor Utopia, full of fame—
These are merely joyous visions,
  Visions of some other name.

—ROSE PELZWEIG, '18.


ORGANIZATIONS



ELIS HOGLUND
President

MR. NEFF
Founder and Advisor

IVAN WELTY
Viee-President

HAROLD KINNEY
Ch. Executive Committee

CLARENCE MILLER
Treasurer

HOWARD SHAMBAUGH
Seeretary

PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

(By Harold D. C. Kinney)

Some two years ago, Miss Todd conceived the idea of a boys' literary or debating society. After much planning, she succeeded in carrying out her ideas, and formed the society whose members are known as "Platonians." Much discussion as to the advisability of making it a purely debating society, followed; but it was finally decided to make it a literary society, the latter having a broader scope, the better to hold the interest of its members. For about a semester, the organization held together. Then interest waned, just as it did in the case of the Glee Club and of athletics. Assignments were not carried out, meetings were not regular; and so Miss Todd, seeing the futility of the thing, resigned. Of course, the society dropped out of existence for the time being. During the next semester, when things were fresh and merry, a few of the more enthusiastic Platonians started the organization going again, and elected Mr. Neff faculty advisor. It was a fortunate day for the Platonians, for Mr. Neff has worked hard and given unsparingly of his time for their success; and it is only through his successful handling that they have risen to the prominent places accorded them in the school's life at present. This was two semesters ago, before the summer vacation last year. The mock legislation stimulated interest, and the society increased slowly; but the individual members could hardly claim any special benefits from being in the society.

After last summer's vacation, a new era dawned for the organization. The Platonians met, elected officers, and decided to do something this year. No longer did the officers let the meetings take care of themselves; they planned the programs carefully, trying to get meetings worth attending, and of interest to all. By continuous planning and advertising, they began to add many new members, until now there are thirty-nine real, spirited Platonians. Success was now assured. It is now a permanent organization, so democratic that when the present officers are gone, there will be a plenty fit to take up their duties and carry on the society. It is decidedly not a set of fellows, as is usually the case, who, when they leave school, take the society with them, it being only for their personal gains.

Just before Christmas, a new feature was added—the banquet, which has become a permanent celebration for each semester. Platonians are human, and like to eat as well as others. The one this term was set for the twenty-sixth of May, and was certainly a great success. Then just before this term, a new constitution, drawn up from experience and not theory, put new strength and energy into affairs. As a result, everything is running smoothly and better than one should expect from the dead state of school activities.

No longer are the benefits to the members merely imaginary. It is surprising to watch the development of various members. Of course, they get out of it just as much as they put into it. The society has made possible a state representative this year in the Bloomington Oratorical Contest, not to mention the best debate held in this school for many years—the one with the Sorosis, which you will readily remember. This latter debate, by the way, is a carefully planned forerunner of next semester's work. For next semester, it is planned to have many such affairs in chapel, and undoubtedly the great majority of students will like the idea, judging by the good time they had at this debate. All in all, one may well be happy and proud if he is a "Platonian," for it means that he has

spirit, a desire to better himself mentally, a longing for good fellowship, and above all, a determination to win.

It will pay you to look over the following list of members. How many boys of the three higher classes have their names on the honor roll, and in this list too? How many are class officers, and are in this list?

The members of the Platonian Literary Society are:

Mr. Neff, Elis Hoglund, Ivan Welty, Howard Shambaugh, Clarence D. Miller, Ervin Kaiser, Harold Kinney, Howard Van Arnam, Robert Sinclair, Clarence Baughman, Carl Beierlein, Mynhart Brueckner, Lorin Corey, Herbert Driftmeyer, Isadore Field, Clarence Figel, Harold Gamrath, Joseph Grable, Ivan Guenther, John Hattery, Calvin Jackson, DeWitt May, Willard Moellering, Harold Maylan, Sam Salon, John Stockberger, Douglas Thomson, Earl Thomson, Frank Travers, Newton Warriner, Charles Ashley, Earl Virts, William Regenauer, Clinton Root, Earl Wooding, Maurice Rohan, Rutheford Kieler, Gustave Fries, William Soliday.

—By H. D. C. K.

A fiddler tried a serenade,
  She didn't smile on him;
She scorned the music that he made—
  Zim, zim.

A fellow with a banjo came,
  The damsel didn't think
It worth emerging for his tune—
  Plink, plink.

The third arrival won the girl,
  Although his tune was punk;
He drove up with a noisy whirl—
  Honk! hunk!

—Anon.



HELEN KARNS
President

HILDA SCHWEHN
Vice-President

ROSE PELZWEIG
Ch. Executive Committee

VICTORIA GROSS
Secretary

ETHEL ROBERTS
Treasurer

THE SOROSIS.

MISS TODD, Founder.

Emblem: The Oak Leaf.

Motto: "To be intensely something."

Colors: Irish Green and White.

Sorosis Yell.

S-O-R-O-S-I-S
Everybody knows us;
Well, I guess,
Rah, rah, rah!
We're the best,
Sorosis, Sorosis
Stands the test.

Sorosis Sing.

If any one should ask us, from Fort Wayne to Damaseus,
Why we are wearing colors so glaring,
We would answer him in tones of pride
With faces all serene:
"We are the Sorosis, we wear the white and green;
Sorosis we! O jolly girls so keen,
Sorosis we! Whose like was never seen.
We are a jolly crew, and we put it up to you,
Wouldn't you just love to be, "A-wearing of the green?"

CONCERNING THE SOROSIS

(By Rose Pelzweg, '18.)

When, on March 2, 1914, a sumber of girls with Miss Todd as leader, formed The Sorosis Literary Soeiety, they founded a valuable organization in the school. A standard of literary advancement was established by the society, and, as a result, it tended both to produee development of talent, and to promote social activity, this latter step severing the distinction between the classes, and joining all in a band of good fellowship.

For the fall term of the current school year, the following officers were elected:

President, Clara Wiebke; Vice President, Virginia Kinnaird; Seeretary, Winifred Bicknell; Treasurer, Helen Stopher; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gladys Eikenbary; Asst. Sergeant-at-Arms, Jessie Lewer; Exeeutive Committee, Mary Wood, Helen Karns and Wilhelmina Morriss; Critie, Helen Roebel; Pianist, Ethel Peterson.

During this semester, the girls ordered the small insignias of their membership—the Sorosis seal. In the meetings that followed the members beeame more and more interested in their work, and demonstrated the fact by the excellence of the programs. Current news topics were disenssed, debates,

readings, musical numbers, and many other interesting and original features enjoyed. About the middle of the term, a party was held at the Y. W. C. A., to which the girls came, representing some book or character. It was one of the most enjoyable gatherings the girls had experienced together. Several new members were initiated.

At the beginning of the February term, the following officers were elected:

President, Helen Karns; Vice President, Hilda Schwehn; Secretary, Victoria Gross; Treasurer, Ethel Roberts; Sergeant-at-Arms, Marie Miller; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, Clara Mae Miller; Critic, Helen Roebel; Pianist, Esther Schild; Executive Committee, Rose Pelgweg, Amber Till and Margaret Boan.

As is invariably the case with every organization, be it good or otherwise, there are some who eventually lose interest. The Sorosis is no exception, but those few laggards either had to enter in the spirit of the society, or to drop out, as the indifferent attitude of even a few, proves demoralizing to any society or class. Never theless, the work was spurred on with increased energy.

Upon the challenge of the Platonians to a debate in chapel on the subject of "Woman Suffrage," the Sorosis acquiesced, and the now two rival societies prepared for the fray through the work of a number in each society, the auditorium was decorated in the flaunting colors of both the organizations—green and white, purple and gold. Two musical numbers were rendered by members of the Sorosis and Platonians respectively, and then—that most glorious victory, the debate. Miss MacMillen and Miss Stopher upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Shambaugh and Mr. Miller gave strength to the negative. Great credit must be given to the Platonians, but one can readily see the superiority of the Sorosis, by the unanimous decree of the judges, and the lasting impression upon the minds of the hearers. This result should make every member proud to be in the Sorosis, and shows, not only the unquestionable ability of two of the members, but what more could do if they tried. Many thanks should be given to Miss Todd for the help she gave and the interest and sympathy she shows in general.

Before this term ends, we intend to give a party and last but not least, to hold an open meeting, which is to be Shakesperian, and at which the last scene of "Twelfth Night" is to be enacted.

Thus ends the history of the Sorosis this year, with unbounded promise, and unparalleled opportunity to the years following. It is to be hoped and anticipated that the Sorosis, under the valued guidance of Miss Todd, will live up and excel its reputation, set up a standard of scholarship and interest as requisites for membership, and above all, to be true to, and persevere towards the motto, "To be intensely something."

The members of the Sorosis are: Winifred Bicknell, Margaret Boan, Bertha Brown, Hazel Daugherty, Ethel Eggeman, Gladys Eikenbary, Grace Fitch, Rose Goldberger, Victoria Gross, Marguerite Hitzman, Helen Karns, Virginia Kinnaird, Valerie Kiracofe, Evangeline Klinkel, Helen Kohler, Viola Long, Lydia McComb, Clara MacMillan, Marie Miller, Myrtle Miller, Grace Meisner, Valerie Mohler, Wilhelmina Morriss, Gertrude Oppelt, Hazel Oren, Myrtle Park, Rose Pelzweg, Ethel Peterson, Florence Pickard, Ruth Reehling, Ethel Roberts, Vivian Randabaugh, Helen Roebel, Esther Schild, Kate Shoaff, Hilda Schwehn, Helen Stopher, Amber Till, Ethel Van Hoozan, Dorothy Vogal, Thekla Wermuth, Angeline Warecup, Clara Wiebke, Mary Wood, and Mary Woodhull.

Mathematics Club



H. RUST	W. MORRIS	W. BICKNELL	G. E. PARKER
President	Vice-President	Secretary	Treasurer

Since its founding, some two years ago, by Mr. Werremeier, the Mathematics Club has established itself as an institution of the school. During the past year more interest has been shown than ever before, and the growth and expansion of the organization have been gratifying in the extreme.

A goodly number of old members, as well as a sizable handful of new and would-be members, were present at the first meeting of the year. The election of officers was naturally the first event to claim attention, and those chosen to take charge of affairs were: Herbert Rust, President; Wilhelmina Morriss, Vice-President; Winifred Bicknell, Secretary; Elmer Parker, Treasurer. President Rust at once appointed the Social and Refreshment Committees, and the new term was most auspiciously begun.

After a semester successful in every sense of the word, and made more so than ever by the interest displayed by the teachers of the Mathematics Department of the school, the time came for the election of the officers for the second semester. Herbert Rust again received the presidency, and he has been ably seconded by Harold Kinney, Vice-President; Esther Miller, Secretary, and Edward Spiegel, Treasurer. Mr. Werremeier, as before, continued to be the guiding light of the organization, and to his unflagging zeal is due much of the attendant success.

In enthusiasm and size of membership, few organizations in the school can parallel the Mathematics Club, and it has proven itself to be of unquestioned value to its members, both socially and in the mental instruction which it affords. Besides these advantages, it serves to bring both students and teachers into that understanding of one another which counts for so much in the high school. And the members of the club, both those who are leaving school this month and those who expect to return next fall, are confidently looking forward to a bigger and better Mathematics Club.



H. RUST
President

H. KINNEY
Vice-President

This picture should be Esther Miller, Secretary; the mistake could not be remedied in time.

E. SPIEGEL
Treasurer



MR. DAVID W. WERREMEIER
Founder of the Mathematics Club

THAT TRIGONOMETRY CLASS

When the half-day session hove into sight over the school horizon, it was felt that a new addition to our numerous studies could be added, and consequently Mr. D. W. Werremeyer inaugurated a fifth-hour Trigonometry Class.

To begin with, we were told to buy Wentworth and Smith's Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. When we purchased the lovely book, we beheld inside the front cover, a dainty little celluloid triangle. Ah, what a beautiful plaything this would make, we thought, but alas and alack—but this does not get us any place. Before two weeks had passed, we had profited under the instruetion so well (except H. Rust and myself) that sins and tangents of angles were like old friends.

One bright Wednesday afternoon,

our class being excused after the sixth period, (this is the best part of taking Trig.) we wended our way to South Calhoun Street, where we proceeded to find the distances between three towers, namely, the St. Patrick's Church steeple, St. Peter's Church steeple, and a large tank at the Western Gas Construction Company. Calling the first tower A, the second B, and the third C, we found the distance A B equal to 2,454.43 feet, A C equal to 5,511.07 feet, and B C equal to 3,074.63 feet.

We have carefully checked over the results, and feel confident that these figures are very near to being correct.

On a second expedition, we measured the height of St. Paul's Lutheran Church steeple and found it to be 214.58 feet. This is very close to the correct figures, as the calculation was not as difficult as that of the first trip.

On the third trip, we journeyed to the place where we had made our first measurements, and proceeded to find the area of an irregular shaped field.

We have certainly enjoyed this term of Trig. and most heartily thank Mr. Werremeyer for inaugurating this new study. We herewith advise all Seniors to take this study, for the pleasure will be all yours. However, you're your own boss, so choose to suit yourself.

—J. E. S., '16.



This small snap-shot was taken at this first outing, but as the boys were very timid, it appears as if the class was composed of nothing but girls, but such is not the case.

X 2 C

As we're a new club, the only thing that can be said about our history is that it's short. Last November a few high school boys met and organized. From then on, the club did nothing but grow until a basketball team was formed. Since then, several things have been, but nothing dangerous That's our history.

You will have to remain in doubt as to our members. Because of lack of space, we could not print a picture of each individual, so we have left them out. As the pictures of the officers can be found in other parts of the Annual, modesty prevents a repetition of their visages.

Our doings, so far, are these: A basketball team was organized, which though late in the season, made a good showing. A chess team and track team were also formed. The only other form of athletics engaged in was a tennis tournament. In the social line, we have had several successful social meetings.

Colors: Brown and white.

Yell.

Chicka Lacka, Chicka Lacka, Chicka Lacka, Chee;
'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, X-2-C.
Rip, Roar, Evermore, Biff, Bang, Boom,
Out of the way, Clear the track, Give—us—room;
Sissies, Roughnecks, Cheapskates—never,
X!———2!———C's! FOREVER.



(Photo courtesy the Sentinel.)

The above is a picture of the Fort Wayne High School Cadet Corps at drill on Barr street. Companies A, B, and D appear, commanded by Oscar Sihler, J. K. Blitz, Edward Spiegel, and Joseph Brennan, with Adjutant Moellering at the extreme right end.

THE BUGLE CALL

At the April meeting of the school board, a plan was presented to the board, which seems to have had quite an effect on the school. The student who proposed it, Willard Moellering, set forth his points of the project so clearly that it was heartily approved of by the board. The provision was made that Willard and Captain Byroade start the ball "a-rolling," and whenever in need or doubt, call, to call upon the board.

Several meetings of the boys were held and at the first call for recruits, a good proportion of the boys reported for drill. Captain Byroade soon had the companies in working order, and then he turned them over to some appointed Seniors, who served as officers.

Four cadets from Concordia College have been drilling the companies, and they are certainly getting results, considering the natural handicaps. As one cadet expressed it, "Military drill without compulsion does not encourgae discipline."

The battalion marched in the Memorial Day parade, and at this day of writing, things look well for future military drill.

The school heartily thanks Willard Moellering for getting things well under way, and the Seniors especially wish him luck in his task in the future. The corps also thanks Captain Byroade for taking such an interest in its affairs, and it hopes he may continue to do so.

Others, who are deserving of thanks from the corps, are the Concordia Cadets who have been drilling the various companies. We also thank the band for drilling us in keeping time, and we know their work has not been in vain.

Still others in line for thanks are Mr. J. N. Study, who kindly donated a regulation American flag, and Mrs. Edson and Miss Brown, who so graciously offered their services to make a troop flag after it had been designed by two students.

The following officers have been appointed:

To be Major—O. SIHLER
To be First Lieutenant and Adjutant—C. W. MOELLERING
Musician—C. FIGEL
Musician—N. KENDALL
Color Sergeant (National)—WILLIAM MORRIS
Color Sergeant (Troop)—R. WILKENS
Color Guard—M. ROHAN and P. BOSCH

Company A	Company B	Company C	Company D
Captain—	Captain—	Captain—	Captain —
J. Brennan	J. K. Blitz	E. Spiegel	R. Dunkelberg
First Lieutenant—	First Lieutenant—	First Lieutenant—	First Lieutenant—
A. Laurents	A. Wilkie	H. Rust	E. Kaiser
,First Sergeant—	First Sergeant—	First Sergeant—	First Sergeant—
K. Robinson	J. Hattery	L. Morton	L. Miles
Sergeants—	Sergeants—	Sergeants—	Sergeants—
A. Bogenschuetz	A. Jenson	J. Grable	H. Scott
I. Field	W. Miller	C. Ross	J. Wild
Corporals—	Corporals—	Corporals—	Corporals—
C. Cornish	C. Jackson	A. Fishack	J. Frank
R. Burns	K. Beierlein	A. Foerster	G. Fryer
H. Clemens	S. Cox	G. Fries	I. Guenther
H. Heine	R. Didier	C. Ferguson	A. Hardman
G. Mong	E. Heller	H. Hoglund	J. King
V. Rogers	DeWitt May	H. Moylan	R. Perry
E. Snyder	William Soliday	J. Underhill	I. Zweig

By order of

C. W. MOELLERING,
Adjutant Commandant.

THE ESPERANTO CLUB

There is in Fort Wayne High School a society which, as yet, is not very generally known, but this is because of the youth and not of any insignificance of the organization, for it is the first of its kind in the school, and one of which any high school should be proud. It is called the High School Esperanto Club, and is composed of students who realize the present-day advantages arising from a knowledge of Ecperanto, and, moreover, foresee the future, when Esperanto will be the universal lauguage which will draw all the nations into a closer union; therefore the spirit always found in pioneers of progress is the spirit which pervades this club.

At the head of the society is Mr. Voorhees, our popular chemistry teacher, who is a member of the Universal Esperanto Association. It was he who first interested the pupils in the study of Esperanto by pointing out to them the possibilities of a world language, and it was he who volunteered to teach a class one afternoon a week, from three-ten to four. His efforts have met with success, and it is hoped that a wider interest than ever will be shown next semester. The Esperanto Club extends its hearty thanks to Mr. Voorhees for his tireless interest and labor in its behalf.

—E. A. W., '16.

THE GLEE CLUB



Front row, left to right: R. Waterfield, W. Moellering, P. Bachelor, H. Hoglund.
Second row: C. Miller, secretary-treasurer; Prof. Miles, director; Marie Keller, accompanist; Ivan Welty, president; H. Shambaugh, manager; H. Scott.
Third row: K. Beierlein, L. Corey, M. Hermann, C. Welty, A. Fishack.
Rear row: C. Palmer, E. Kaiser, L. Miles, E. Wooding, E. Erwin, C. Bittler, E. Virts, R. Kieler.

It will be a surprise and also a pleasure to a great number of students when they hear the Glee Club sing their new selections. At the first meeting they held, about forty-five fellows wanted to take part. At the present time the Club consists of thirty members. This only shows that the Club now consists of fellows who are good singers and of fellows who are taking an interest in the welfare of their club. These fellows have purchased several pieces of music ,and with the help of Prof. Miles they practise at least once a week.

The Glee Club desires to thank Prof. Miles for the work he is doing. He gladly spends about two hours of his time each week giving the boys short vocal lessons, and training them the best he can. They also desire to thank Marie Keller, their efficient accompanist. Although the boys have not been given the opportunity of singing in public very many times as yet, they are working diligently, so that when they are given the opportunity, they may give you a pleasing and enjoyable entertainment.

C. O. MILLER,
Secy. and Treas.

THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

The Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School has been well taken as the title of our school, for our Manual Training department has been one of the most valuable assets our school possesses. Not only does this department turn out young men able to grasp with the many everyday problems of life—the handy man about the house is somewhat scarce in this present-day onrush of ours—but, with four industrious years of manual training behind him, the graduate is able to take his place in the world as a skilled workman. His mechanical drawing work will stand the prospective builder in good stead when the draftsman's plans come to him; to say nothing of what this man could do if he were to put his drawing skill to the task of designing his own plans.

The Manual Training department has this last year been in a most flourishing condition. Great interest has been shown in all of its branches. The beginners' classes under Mr. Thomas have been engaged in making taborets, foot stools, pedestals, costumers, chairs and various other articles of the pupils' own design.

Mr. Agnew's classes have turned out on the lathe some excellent pieces, including Indian clubs, goblets and trays. The members of the lathe classes have been able to co-operate with their wood-carving work by turning on the lathe plates which are then carved in the drawing classes.

In the forge shop under the supervision of Mr. Knight, work has progressed rapidly and the pupils have been busy making hammers, chisels, lathe tools, tongs and all the forgings necessary for the completion of machine construction done in the machine shop.

The foundry has made this past year all the castings for the machine shop work, in addition to grate bars and various gymnasium apparatus for use in the city schools. This department, of which Mr. Purfield is head, produced last year about 2,000 pounds of castings, some of which was necessarily recast due to imperfections in the course of the work.

The pattern shop has been engaged in making all the patterns for use in the foundry, including patterns for machine parts, gears, lathes and many other appliances.

Work in the machine shop has been centered on regular machine fitting, and on machine construction, such as the machining and assembling of lathe parts. In addition, other machines have been partially constructed.

The various classes in mechanical drawing, under the guidance of Mr. Ritter and Mr. Grosjean, have been engaged during the past semester on more or less advanced work. Perspective drawing occupied the attention of the Juniors, while the drawing of gears and machines comprised a good part of the work of the Seniors. Other particular work was that of architectural drawing and the designing of an emery grinder for use in the machine shop.

In addition to the above outlined work of the various Manual Training departments a large amount of "community work"—that is, work which is the product of the entire department with each shop contributing its particular share, was turned out for the city schools. This included still life stands for the public school drawing rooms, music stands for the various school orchestras and much equipment for the recent track meet, consisting of sand tables, hurdles and other pieces.

The entire output of the different divisions of the Manual Training depart-

ment this last year comprises an unusually large total and reflects exceedingly favorably upon the 275 pupils in this department. With equal enthusiasm displayed next year the Manual Training department should continue to uphold the same high standard of teaching which has so long characterized it and which has been the deciding factor in enabling this department to exert such an influence for good in the Fort Wayne High School.

It is highly probable that another teacher will be added to the mathematical department of our school next semester. Mr. Charles Kuttler, this year graduated from Depauw University, has been rumored as this new "math" expounder. It is also quite likely that the faculty will be increased another by the advent of a history teacher. This teacher has been made necessary by the decree that American History must be taken by all Seniors in the future, and it is only reasonable to believe that Miss Kolb cannot possibly manage, by scientific management or otherwise, the overburdened classes in the history department.

—E. C., '16.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Fort Wayne High School this last year has been engaged in an entirely new field of work. A commercial department has been this latest course to be added to our school curriculum. Although installed in various high schools throughout the country for some years, it was not until the opening of the past school year that the school board of Fort Wayne saw fit to institute such a commercial course in our own school. Not only did this action enable our school to keep abreast of the times, but it showed that our school board realized the urgent necessity for such a department that would turn out young men and women who would have some knowledge of business methods and modern commercialism. A commercial department has been made all the more necessary since modern methods of conducting business have entirely superseded the time-worn customs of the preceding generation. The demand for such scholastic training—theoretical though some may call it—is therefore consistent.

This commercial department has certainly well measured up to the possibilities outlined for it, as unusual interest has been shown by those who were eligible for the course; and considering that only two classes were given the opportunity of electing it, the fact that about 175 are enrolled is very credible.

The book-keeping division has been capably directed this past year by Mr. Parks, as has also been the stenography, typewriting and commercial arithmetic division by Mr. King. Room 17, which has heretofore been used as a session room, was utilized to serve as two class rooms for this department. First half Freshmen and Juniors only were given the privilege of taking up the commercial work, the course being divided into two divisions, the Freshmen division consisting of commercial arithmetic and bookkeeping, and the Junior classes of short-hand and typewriting.

—E. C., '16.

The Collegian to His Bride.

Charmer, on a given straight line,
And which we shall call BC,
Meeting at a common point, A,
Draw the lines AC, AB.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it
That they're equal, all the three;
Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
All their angles, too, are equal.
Equal angles, so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother.
Equal—O, divine ecstatics,
Based on Wentworth's mathematics!





ATHLETICS OF THE LAST YEAR

Athleties, last year, were in about as lively eondition as a eorpse after lying several years in its subterranean coueh. We had neither class nor sehool teams in either football or basketball, a thing of which a sehool the size of F. W. H. S. ought truly to be ashamed.

"Why didn't we have teams?" someone asks. "Was there no good material? Were the good athleties ineligible, or what was the reason?"

Yes, there was plenty of good material; with the exeeption of a few, the good players were eligible; and the reason that we had no athleties is that the boys did not want it. "But," says someone, "they did want it." Very well, if they "did want it," they knew quite well how to obtain it, and if they had met the appeal, they also would have gotten it. So much for the "bawling out,"—and now for a little bouquet throwing:

The girls, beeause of their persistent efforts in their own field of athleties, deserve the highest eommendation. They eertainly showed the neeessary "pep." They organized class teams and also a sehool team, which put up some mighty good games against Bluffton, Deeatur, and other towns in this vieinity, and in the eity, as well. Hats off to these young ladies, who, during the basketball season, at least, saved this school from complete stagnation in athleties.

Here's wishing the students of next year the best of luck in raising F. W. H. S. to an athletie position of first rank among Northern Indiana schools.

—L. S. '16.



Katherine Kampe, Forward.

Katherine Kampe, '16, was chosen as second forward and running mate for "Tec" for the '15-'16 season. The question of second forward was a hard one to decide, and many tryouts were held before a final decision was reached. We feel that Miss Wingert was wise in her selection, as Katherine has made good. "Kat" played on her class team during her Sophomore year, and was also captain of the Junior team this season. She still has another year, and under the guidance of Our Coach we ought to hear great things about her next year.

Theckla Wermuth, Forward.

Theckla Wermuth, '18, has been chosen by her team mates to captain the girls' 'Varsity team for the '16-'17 season. "Tec" began playing in her Freshman year, and immediately made good. She has been on the 'Varsity as well as her class teams for the last two seasons, and was captain of the Sophomore team this year. "Tec" is always on the job and can be counted upon to be at the right place at the right time. She has also helped the high school lassies to win many a game and we feel sure that she will lead her team through a victorious season.

Marian Cherry, Side Centre.

Marian Cherry, '16, made her first appearance on the 'Varsity team this season as side centre, although it was not her first year at the game, as she has played on her class teams for the last two seasons. She first tried out as forward, last season, but was soon transferred to side centre, and it was there that Coach Wingert recognized in her a future 'Varsity side centre. "Cherry's" clever dodging and quick team work have featured in many games, and her absence will certainly be felt next season.

Fredonia Herring, Captain, Center.

Fredonia Herring, always prominent in High School Basketball circles, during the past year captained both the Senior and Varsity Girls' Teams with a great deal of success. In spite of the lack of enthusiasm shown by the student body, "Fishy" led her gallant lassies to victory in more instances than we can recount in the space allotted here, winning a goodly percentage of games, and her loss will doubtless be keenly felt next season.






Hilda Schwehn, Guard.

Hilda Schwehn, '18, made her first appearance in basketball this season. She tried out as guard on the Sophomore team, and it was there that Coach Wingert became impressed with her, and decided to try her out for the 'Varsity. She immediately made good as guard. Although Hilda is not as tall as the average player, this did not in the least hinder her from playing a good game, as she is agile and quick, always securing the ball with ease. Hilda is only a "Soph," so she has plenty of time to develop into one of the best guards the high school ever had.

Esther Deister, Guard.

Esther Deister, '17, also joined the basketball squad this season, as substitute guard. She proved to be a valuable addition to the team as it was necessary for her to play in several games. She played a strong defensive game and kept the opponents' score down in every game in which she played. Esther was one of the most faithful players the team ever had and she never missed a practice, often playing when she was scarcely able to do so. Esther is only a Junior, and it is certain she will be heard of next year, as a regular 'Varsity guard.

Florence Pickard, Guard.

Florence Pickard, '16, has been familiar in basketball circles ever since entering high school. She has also been "mainstay" at guard on the 'Varsity team for the last two seasons. Previous to last year, "Picky" played forward on her class team, but as Coach Wingert was in dire need of a guard, Florence was tried out for that position, and as we all know, at once made good. Her strong defensive, and long throw have made her a most valuable member of the team. Florence was also manager of the class and 'Varsity teams this year. She graduates this year, leaving an important vacancy to fill.

Miss Wingert, Coach.

Miss Eva Wingert, graduate of Indiana University, came to our high school in 1911, as instructor in mathematics. Since then she has devoted much of her time out of school to coaching the girls' basketball teams. For the last four seasons she has turned out the best girls' teams that have ever represented the Fort Wayne High School. We take this opportunity to extend to her our heartiest thanks, and to wish her a successful season next year.



HELEN KARNS, C. ESTHER MILLER, F.
W. BICKNELL, F. F. PICKARD, G. F. HERRING, C. M. CHERRY, S. C.

GIRLS BASKET BALL

Early in the season it was decided to hold a series of inter-class games, and in this way determine which class should claim the high school championship. Although these games were not all finished, because of lack of players on the Senior and Junior teams, the Sophomore girls can without doubt claim the school championship.

The accounts of the different games are recorded below.

Seniors vs. Juniors.

On December 9, 1915, the Senior girls defeated the Junior girls by a score of



ESTHER DEISTER, G.
L. SCHULTZ, G. K. KAMPE, F. H. FREIBURGER (Sub.)
MARIE KELLER, C. HELEN HACKIUS, F.

fifteen to four. The game was a fast one throughout. Miss Miller assisted by the team work of Miss Bicknell, was the star of the evening, making seven field goals, and one free throw. Miss Hackius was the scorer for the losers.

The score:

Juniors, 4.		Seniors, 15.
Hackius	F	Bicknell
Tyger	F	Miller
Kellar	C	Herring
Hadley	S C	Cherry
Deister	G	Pickard
Schultz	G	Karns

Field goals: Miller, seven; Hackius, two. Freethrows: Miller, one.

Freshmen vs. Sophomores.

In the preliminary to the Junior-Senior game the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in a rather one-sided game. From the beginning the Sophomore girls were in the lead, and it was not until the second half that the Freshies woke up and were able to score, but it was too late, and at the end of the second half the score was 26 to 6 in favor of the Sophomore girls. Miss Wermuth was the star for the winners, making twelve field goals. Misses Schwehn and Warner were the scorers for the losers, and they were assisted



V. GROSS H. SCHWEHN
M. MILLER T. WERMUTH E. EGGEMAN
H. POHLMEYER M. STREIDER

by their guards, Misses Bradley and Bill.

Line-up and score:

Freshmen, 26.		Sophomores, 6.
G. Schwehn	F	Gross
Warner	F	Wermuth
Niehmeyer	C	Strieder
Myers	S C	Miller
Bill	G	Pohlmeyer
Bradley	G	H. Schwehn

Field goals: Wermuth, twelve; Gross, one; Schwehn, two; Warner, one. Free throws: Warner, one.

On January 21, the Freshman girls played the Juniors, and the Sophomores, the Seniors. This was the second and last of the inter-class games.

Seniors vs. Sophomores.

The Sophomores added one more victory to their list on January 21, when



H. WARNER M. UHBACH

N. BILL H. MEYERS S. SCHWEHN F. GERBERDING B. NIEMEYER

they defeated the Senior team by a score of three to twelve. Although the Senior sextet put up a good struggle they were at a disvantage, as neither of their regular forwards was in the game, but Misses Paul and Marshall played a good game, considering what little practice they had had. Although the Sophomore girls came out ahead, it was not without a hard struggle. Misses Wermuth and Siedler starred for the winners, while Misses Pickard and Paul both played a strong defensive game for the losers.

Line-up and score:

Seniors, 3.		Sophomores, 12.
Marshall	F	Wermuth
Paul	F	Siedler
Herring	C	Strieder
Cherry	S C	Eggeman
Pickard	G	Schwehn
Karns	G	Pohlmyer

Field goals: Wermuth, four; Siedler, one; Marshall, one. Free throws, Wermuth, one; Marshall, one.

Freshmen vs. Juniors.

In the preliminary to the Senior-Sophomore game of January 21, the Freshman girls again met defeat, this time at the hands of the Junior girls. Still, the Freshmen had improved much since their defeat of a few weeks before. Both teams made good showing but the Junior girls were too much for the tiny Freshies. Misses Hackius and Kampe were the stars for the Juiors, the former making six field goals and the latter, three. The Freshman forwards, Misses Warner and Schwehn played well together, as did their guards, Misses Bill and Gerberding.

Score and line-up:

Juniors, 25.		Freshmen, 10.
Kampe	F	Warner
Hackius	F	G. Schwehn
Keller	C	Niehmyer
Freiburger	S C	Myers-Umbach
Deister	G	Bill
L. Schultz	G	Gerberding

CLASS OF '17 ATHLETICS

The boys of the Junior class did not have a football team last year, since by mutual consent football was tabooed. Neither did we have a basket-ball team, mainly because there were not enough eligibles to form a team. But we could not stand quietly by and watch the Sophs walk off with the athletic honors, so we organized a bowling team. And as usual, what we did we did well.

This bowling team was composed of Messrs. Hille, Randall, Barnett, Jensen, Jackson, Bogenschuetz, and Apfelbaum. Our first contest was against the Sophs. The final count was also against them. We defeated them by 122 pins, totaling 2,190 for the three games. Hille was the star of this match. He averaged 165 for his three games and rolled 199 in one of them.

But this was only a starter. In our game with the Seniors we showed a great improvement, and, although the Seniors rolled a good, consistent game, they could not touch us. Nevertheless it was an interesting match all the way and the Seniors came nearer to beating us than any other team did. We defeated them by 88 pins with a good total of 2,314 pins. Barnett had the high average of this match with 168, while Randall had high single score with 211. Thompson of the Seniors also rolled some nice scores.

In the next contest we again beat the Sophs. But this could hardly be called a contest, because at the end we were leading them by 539 pins. We totaled 2,310 this time with Hille as high scorer again. He had a 166 average and rolled 208 in his third game.

Our fourth and last match was with the Faculty. This time we had to use eligible bowlers, but even at that we won by 266 pins. Our fellows rolled consistently all the way and consequently the Faculty never got a look-in. Randall was high scorer with an average of 165 and a high single count of 199. Our team total was 2,287. Mr. Ritter was high man for the Faculty.

This contest ended our bowling season, not because we did not wish to bowl but because the other fellows lost heart at our continued successes and refused to get teams to bowl us. This was a great misfortune, for it robbed us of the chance to rub it in. [Still there was really no need to press our advantage because our athletic superiority is well established. In the Spring of 1915 we captured the baseball championship

and in 1914 we defeated all comers at football.]

Following are the official averages of our bowlers:

Name	Games	Average
Hille	9	165
Apfelbaum	3	162
Randall	12	161
Barnett	12	153
Jensen	2	151
Jackson	11	144
McKeeman	3	139
Bogenschuetz	7	135
Bonahoom	1	120

The team average was 758 for 12 games.

Bowling has taken a great hold upon the students of this High School and much interest has been displayed throughout this last season. Next year should be the best ever and, although we expect to have a considerably stronger team than we had this year, we hope to meet with some real opposition.

A Good Turn.

She slipped and fell and cried with pain,
"I've turned my ankle, Sir!"
He quickly looked to ascertain
What harm had come to her.

And then a gaze of ecstasy
Her shapely ankle earned;
"You've done a splendid job," quoth he,
"It's certainly well turned!"

TENNIS AND BASE BALL IN THE FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL

Three years ago the first loeal high sehool tennis tournament was organized, and so great was the sueeess of this initial eontest that it has been an annual affair ever since. Tennis has eome into its own in the last few years as the sport, not of the few, but of the many. Anyone possessing a tennis raeket and some ability ean obtain almost unlimited enjoyment and beneficial exereise on any of the many publie tennis eourts the eity affords. On aeeount of this, tennis has beeome immensely popular, and it is indeed well that the students of Fort Wayne High have recognized the advantages to be derived from it.

The first High School Tournament was held in 1914, and the number of entries was indeed gratifying to those in eharge. Last year the lists were even larger, and the entire school was interested in the outeome. No one was surprised when this year's tournament opened with what many deelare to be the best entry list yet, and play has been progressing rapidly. It is unfortunate that the results eould not be obtained for this writing, as there are doubtless a great number of people who are interested in them. It was also deeided that it would be best not to attempt to print a schedule of the meet, as the time was short and there was too mueh chanee of error in copying the lists.

Fort Wayne High School was honored this Spring by an invitation to take part in a tennis tournament with the Culver Aeademy Team. Four players from here were seleeted after several elimination trials had been held, these representatives being Murdoek Mulholland, Willard Plogsterth, Leslie Popp, and Herbert Stevens; and there was great rejoieing in Fort Wayne High when our ehampions returned with the wreathes of victory still fresh and verdant on their respective brows, and with the report that Culver had been wiped off the tennis map.

This tournament was the first ever staged in tennis with an out-of-town team, and it opens up hitherto undreamed of possibilities along the same line for next season.

Baseball has long been ineluded in the number of dead sports as far as this sehool is concerned, but this Spring it was revived by an energetie few, who organized a young league. Great was the rivalry among the four teams eomprising the same, and the Cubs, Sox, Tigers, and Braves all proved themselves to be worthy of their distinguished namesakes. A contest was held for the ehampionship, and it was won by either the Cubs or the Braves.

While the sport was not developed to any great extent, still it furnished a great deal of fun and healthful exereise, and it has paved the way for greater things next year.

TRACK.



FIRST ANNUAL DISTRICT TRACK MEET



Upper left-hand picture shows the start of the 880-yard dash, won by Tom Outland, of Fort Wayne High School.

Upper right shows Kenneth Robinson finishing second in the 440-yard dash.

In the center picture is Captain Stillwell, of the Fort Wayne team. Stilly made more points than any other one man in the meet.

Lower left shows Outland just after throwing the discus.

In the lower right-hand picture is John Clapsattle winning third place for Fort Wayne High in the shot put.

The Bluffton track men, with two points to their credit, nosed out a victory over the Fort Wayne and Columbia City High Schools in a field meet held on Saturday, May 6.

If the inconsiderate weather man had not broken up the meet, thereby preventing the pole-vault, the 220-yard low hurdles, and the half-mile relay race, Fort Wayne might have taken first honors.

A dispute arose over the outcome of the discus throw, and it was not until evening that the officers decided to give first place to Shoemaker, of Bluffton, instead of to Stillwell, our star man. Shoemaker threw the discus ninety-nine feet, four and one-half inches in the third round, but Stillwell threw farthest in the finals, making ninety-eight feet, eleven inches.

Stillwell was the highest individual

scorer of the meet. He tallied eighteen points, without a single first, as a result of six seconds. Fort Wayne High should indeed feel grateful for the efforts which "Stilly" made.

Outland and Robinson also helped materially in boosting our score, the former by coming in first in the 880-yard run and third in the 440-yard dash, and the latter by taking second place in the mile run.

John Clapesattle, Alfred Randall, and Lowell Miles each added a valuable point by winning third place respectively in the shot put, high hurdles and half-mile run.

We wish particularly to thank Mr. Russell, who coached our lads for the meet, and we are very glad that so great a measure of success crowned his efforts.

Captain G. L. Byroade, who was to have refereed the meet, was unable to be present, owing to the inspection which was taking place at Concordia College on that day, and Mr. Ward acted in his stead. His decisions were very satisfactory, with the exception of one or two, which caused considerable adverse criticism. Many people expressed themselves as being of the opinion that Mr. Ward did not display the enthusiasm due the first track meet in which Fort Wayne High has participated in several years.

Mr. Ritter, Mr. Reising and Mr. Croninger handled their respective duties to the thorough satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Ritter especially endeared himself to the Fort Wayne crowd, as he was our main stay in the disputes which arose.

Again we thank all who tried out for the team and did not make it, as well as those who did. However, they have at least showed us that they have the proper spirit and they may rest assured that their efforts have not been unappreciated.

To conclude, the meet was a success from start to finish, and it is hoped, and earnestly expected, that the school will do much better next year. The students of Fort Wayne High School have showed their ability to take part in competition with those from other schools, and they will not let the spirit die after the excellent start given it this year.

The Score.

100-yard Dash—Swigart, Columbia City, first; Stillwell, Fort Wayne, second; Fagan, Columbia City, third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Discus Throw—Shoemaker, Bluffton, first; Stillwell, Fort Wayne, second; Sweeney, Bluffton, third. Distance, 99 feet, 4½ inches.

220-yard Dash—Swigart, Columbia City, first; Fagan, Columbia City, second; Gay, Decatur, third. Time, 25 1-5 seconds.

Shot Put—Shoemaker, Bluffton, first; Bieberstein, Bluffton, second; Clapesattle, Fort Wayne, third. Distance, 41 feet, 3 inches.

800-yard Run—Outland, Fort Wayne, first; Johnson, Bluffton, second; Miles, Fort Wayne, third. Time, 2 minutes, 13 2-5 seconds.

Running High Jump—Ball, Decatur, first; Stillwell, Fort Wayne, second; Bieberstein, Bluffton, third. Distance, 5 feet, 1 inch.

One Mile Run—Morgan, Columbia City, first; Robinson, Fort Wayne, second; Johnson, Bluffton, third. Time, 4 minutes, 54 1-5 seconds.

440-yard Dash—Swigart, Columbia City, first; Ball, Columbia City, second; Outland, Fort Wayne, third. Time, 59 2-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Mentzer, Bluffton, first; Stillwell, Fort Wayne, second; Vizard, Decatur, third. Distance, 18 feet, 2¼ inches.

120-yard Hurdles—Shoemaker, Bluffton, first; Stillwell, Fort Wayne, second; Randall, Fort Wayne, third. Time, 18 seconds.

THE 1918 INDEPENDENTS



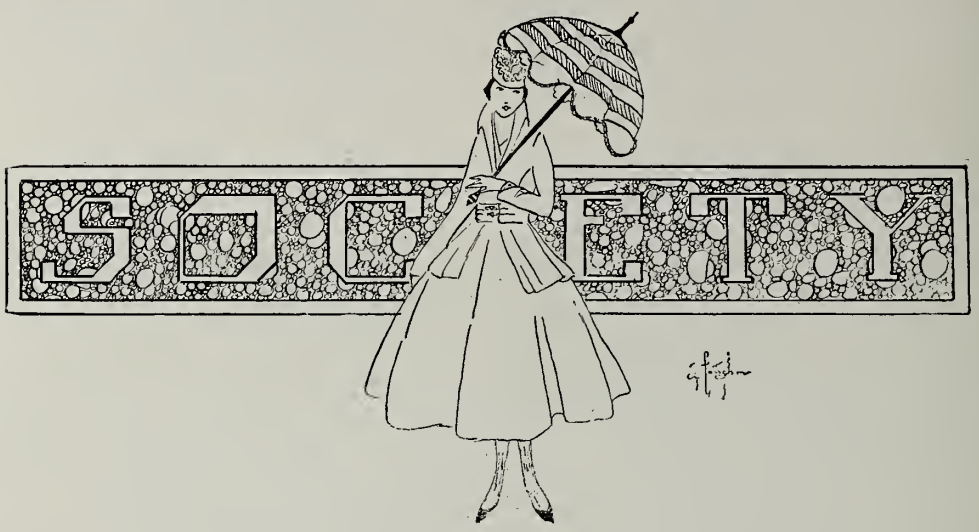
H. DANNECKER, C. E. STAHL, F. E. WILKENS, F.
C. FIGEL, G. W. MOELLERING, Mgr. WEHRENBERG, G. STAHL, F. & G.

X 2 C BASKET BALL TEAM



C. ROSS, G. R. STAMBAUGH, F.

CARL ROTHERT, G. M. LINDEMUTH, Cap. and C. E. WOODING, F.



Since the 1916's were the Senior Class the past year, everyone may be assured that there was no deficit in the social activities.

At the very first class meeting they immediately planned their social events for their last year in the high school. The Social Council showed its interest by obtaining a hall for all school doings for which we thank them most heartily.

The first big event of the year was the Senior play. The managers and cast, as well as the coach, did their share toward making the play a success, which it most assuredly was. After the play a party was given to some of the Seniors at the Wayne Hotel. The one and only class party which the Seniors had was given at Unity Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vorhees chaperoned the party. The refreshments were the best part of the whole party. The Senior dance was the first class dance given in two years, and the Seniors feel very proud of the fact that they had energy enough to carry this through. Incidentally, the dance was a big social and financial success. The most novel affair of the school year was the Senior vaudeville which helped out the class treasury, besides giving every one a good time. The Moose Hall was the scene of the best commencement dance ever given, (Just look which class gave it).

During the month of October there were many social affairs. The Juniors gave a hard-times party in the high school. The pleasures of the evening were contests, games and dancing. Mrs. Deister gave them a pleasant surprise in the line of "cats" in the lunch room. The chaperones were Miss Wingert and Mr. and Mrs. Croninger. Another one of the 1917's parties was that given at Unity Hall with Miss Wingert and Mr. Knight as chaperones. The girls, since it was leap year, auctioned off the boys and games, selections on the piano and dancing were enjoyed.

The Sophomores' largest event was the county fair, held in the high school. Mr. Neff and Miss Brown were the chaperones. At their second class party at Unity Hall. a scenario, written by Mr. Neff, was enacted by Frank Miller, Norman Kendall, Helen Stopher, Louise Herman, Willard Moellering and Ralph Wilkens. Later a mock wedding took place. Afterward there

was a grand march which ended at the refreshment booth.

The Freshman class held its first party at Unity Hall for the purpose of getting acquainted. They had another successful party in honor of the Class of 1920. They pride themselves particularly on the large attendance, it being two hundred and fourteen.

Miss Margaret Byroade entertained the Alpha Omega Club at a luncheon October 8. This was their first social event of the year. On October 28, they gave a progressive dinner to an equal number of boys. The various courses were served at the homes of the Misses Margaret Byroade, June Harrod, Virginia Vernon and Margaret Ferguson. Their annual Christmas dance was held at the Anthony. After the holidays Mabel Vernon was taken into the club. Miss Phyllis Potter and Miss Margaret Byroade respectively entertained the club at tea dances at the Anthony. The Alpha Omega dance at Tanner's hall completed the Easter dances.

Miss Marjorie Dailey gave a dinner to the To Kalon girls in October. After this they were entertained every two weeks by the respective members. Theirs was the first of the Christmas dances and, as always, a most enjoyable one to all. At Easter time they gave another dance which was most enjoyable.

The Qui Vives met for the first time after the summer at the home of Miss Elease Fee. After the business was completed a tempting dinner was served. A most delightful time was had at their annual Christmas dance. Another of their social affairs was the Valentine dance given the Qui Vives by Georgiana Hudson.

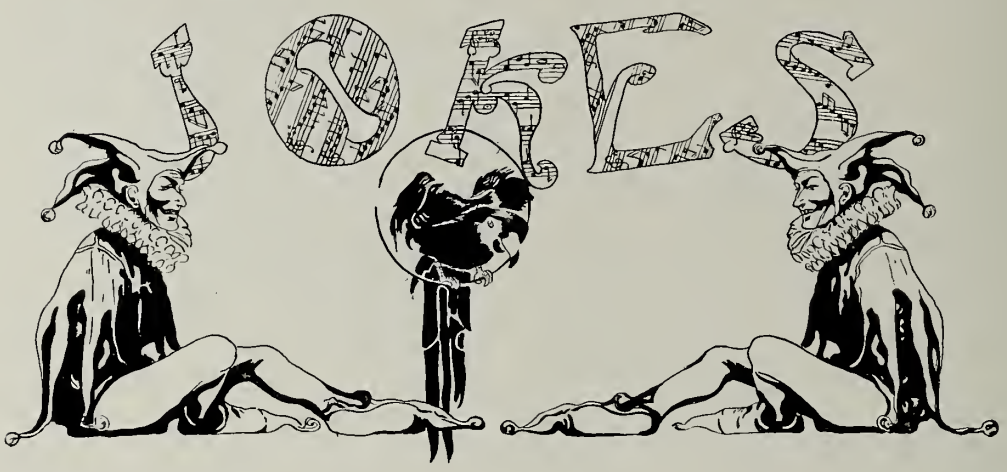
During the year the different camp fire circles were very active socially. Many circles gave luncheons, theatre parties, marshmallow bakes and progressive eats to their friends.

No one will ever regret having gone to the Pi Gamme parties the last year, as they were all entirely characteristic of their members.

The M. O. O. T. A. A. G. D.'s surely rivaled the Pi Gammes in all their social functions.

Taken as a whole, the past school year has been one of the most successful social seasons ever experienced. Individual social functions have attained a success which cast a glamour over the year as a whole, and we are all glad that we can look back upon such a pleasant round of entertainment.





In Fort Wayne.

"Give the mayor a show," urges Vox Pop. My dear Pop, the mayor is giving the show. If you must give him something, give him an asbestos curtain.—Lifted.

* * *

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nellie—"No, it is not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nellie—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father."

* * *

Doctor—"You will have to give up all mental work for a few weeks."

Patient—"But, doctor, in that event my income would cease. I earn my living by writing poetry for the magazines."

Doctor—"Oh, you can keep right on at that."—Indianapolis Star.

* * *

Mistress—"Bridget, I told you twice to have muffins for breakfast. Have you no intellect?"

Bridget—"No, mum; there's none in the house."

Distracting.

Sunday Golfer—"Something has put me off my game this morning, caddie."

"It's them church bells, mister. They hadn't ought to be allowed."

* * *

"Well, John, inasmuch as your grandmother died four times last season, I don't see how you'll manage to get to any of the gall games this season."

"But, sir," said Johnny quietly, "haven't I told you that grandpa has married again, tho' it was much against the wishes of his family?"

* * *

Two men were once talking over their respective sons' careers at college, and one remarked: "Well, I sometimes feel like saying, as Aaron did in the wilderness, 'Behold, I poured in the gold and there came out this calf.'"

* * *

Interested Friend—"I suppose that John is still burning the midnight oil at college?"

Puzzled Mother—"Yes, indeed, but the quality of oil the college furnishes must be very inferior. John writes me that some mid-nights the light is so poor he can hardly read his hand."

A Curious Fact.

The Pennsy Flier ran into a cow just the other day. The aeeident eaused the animal no serious injury, but it was afterward diseovered that she had strained her milk.

* * *

Fiend—"I observe that Mr. Rockefeller says he owes much of his sueeess to golf."

Low-brow—"It was my notion that most men owe much of their golf to sueeess."

* * *

College Student—"My good lady, the last place I stayed at, the landlady wept when I left."

Landlady—"Oh, did she? Well, I ain't going to. I wants my money in advance."

* * *

Artist—"I observe that you don't like my pictures, sir; but I ean only paint what I see."

Critie—"Then you shouldn't paint while you're seeing things like that."

* * *

She—"Diek says he isn't going home for Easter beeause he's in training for the long distanee races."

He—"Well, it's true in a way; he eertainly has a lot of ground to cover before June."

* * *

"So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she ean make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say, 'Woman, you have played me false!'"

* * *

Pat—"I hear you and the boys struek for shorter hours. Did you get 'em?"

Mike—"Sure. We're not working at all, now."

* * *

He took in two bad dollars,
And now he's having fits;
But, pardon me, I mean that he
Is having eounterfeits.

Free Verse

"What is poetry of motion?"

"The kind that's always going from one editor to another."

* * *

Wife: "I almost cry when I think I might have married Mr. Riehleigh."

Hub: "And I almost ery, too, when I think about it."

* * *

Little Ray was saying his prayers at bedtime and, having got as far as "If I should die before I wake," he stopped.

"Well, what's next?" asked the mother.

"Why," said Ray, "I suppose a funeral would be the next thing."

* * *

"My boy," said the elderly millionaire at the end of a leeture on eeonomy, "when I was your age I earried water for a gang of seetion hands."

"I'm proud of you, dad," answered the gilded youth. "If it hadn't been for your pluek and perseverance I might have had to do something of the sort myself."

* * *

Two soldiers were eonversing. One asked the other what made him enlist.

"Why, I had no wife and ehildren—no one but myself to think of; and, besides, I likes war. But how eome you to join the army?"

"Well, you see, I had a wife, and I joined the army beeause I likes peace."

* * *

She: "What's this I hear about your getting a large sum of money from some woman?"

He: "Someone has been kidding you. Who was the woman?"

She (i n n o c e n t l y): "Why, May Wheat they told me her name was."

* * *

Mrs. Green: "How's your son getting on, Mrs. Budd?"

Mrs. Budd: "Well, he went up a Monday, Mrs. Green, and they rejeeted him; then he tried again a Wednesday and they detested him."



JINGLING JUNK

A startling rumor fills the air around the editorial chair; we feel our hair uprising; our stomach sinks with leaden pain: "The retail merchants will refrain, henceforth, from advertising on programmes—charity or not." They say it's "graft" or "hold-up"; what a scare they've thrown broadcast! This indirectness is expensive, and their outlay is extensive, so this year will be the last they'll be party to the swindle. School paper profits henceforth dwindle; it's no use to make a fuss. Still, as we reflect a minute, we believe there's justice in it—though we **hope** they don't mean US. For periodic ads are steady, and the merchants find us ready to reciprocate their patronage. WE'RE wise. For there's **nothing** we don't use: food, and clothing, hats, and shoes, B. V. D.'s, socks, nighties, shirts, and swell neckties. So we're sure they can't refuse, for WE never fail to choose from the stocks of those who with us advertise.

The worst of disappointments is to work an hour or more—to sit and think and dig and hunt, until your brain is sore; to waste the minutes sweet and long on brains that will not work, to ply your wits upon some tasks which they would like to shirk. I know of no more bitter tale of anguish hard and cruel, than to sit and dig at senseless things that go to make up school. 'Tis agony most heartless, most useless and most sad—most certainly unavoidable, most certainly not glad. It does not make you feel delighted, far from feelings such; rather say of bitterness, of discontent a touch. If from your heart has fled the joy —the attribute of life, because of problems hard to solve, because of bitter strife —why shut your books and take a breath of air with Freedom filled; no books are there with toil within, that call for brains distilled.

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18)

When penitence you wish to seek, solitude cool and calm, to sit alone on the dreary bench, is always the best of balm. All your sins and all your sorrows, come back with doubled force, and all your thoughts in solitude, partake their solemn course. If e'er you wish to think of all you've ever done awry, just sit and dream, and dream some more, and then commence to sigh. A misty haze will shade your eyes, your thoughts are going yonder—to all you wish to see and think, your mind will start to wander. The bench is e'er the better place, for thoughts of here and far, with none to hinder, always quiet, with none to spoil or mar; it comes but only natural, that penitence will follow—but if you make a vow, it will be broken by the morrow. It has a sort of influence, which at the words, "You're Free," will loosen up, and break its bonds because of high decree. Forgot will be your thoughts and vows, your pledge will start to sever—for men may come, and men may go, but benching goes on forever.

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18)

Quite Likely.

Mistress: "Well, Jones, I hope we shall get more out of the garden this year. We had next to nothing last year."

Jones: "Ay — 'twere they plaguey pheasants 'ad most on it last year."

Mistress: "If you ask me, I should say it was two-legged pheasants!"—Punch.

* * *

Cruel.

"Here's a scientific item of interest to us poets."

"What is it?"

"A professor has a theory that what we eat affects our literary output."

"I'm inclined to think so, too. You'd better stop eating so much fudge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Might Lose Him.

Manager: "Did you ask that new chap why he left his last job?"

Foreman: "No, gov'nor, I didn't. Supposin' 'e'd said 'murder,' an' like as not 'e might, what should we do then? It don't do to be too particular these days."—Passing Show.

* * *

"Is he making her a good husband."

"No—she's making him that way."—Michigan Gargoyle.

Where?

Perhaps the washerlady whose mystification over a suit of pajamas is recorded is a relative of her fellow craftswoman new to our family who delivered the wash one day and said: "Say, does yer old man play in a band—or where does he wear them striped uniforms?"—Boston Herald.

* * *

All Doomed.

"There should be a national holiday called Junk Day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."

"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?"—New York Times.

* * *

Caught Again.

Nyld: "Muchwed has a new runabout."

Higbee: "I thought he swore he never would marry again."—Vanity Fair.

* * *

Plenty of Room.

"G. M. Sickles, M. D., has leased from Mrs. Arnold the vacant lot adjoining his residence and will begin operations in the spring."—From the Watkins (N. Y.) Review.



METRO PICTURES

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The Orpheum Theatre is representative of the highest ideals of the motion picture industry. Through intelligent, progressive management; through an ever-present ambition to give to the play-going public the finest entertainment that is possible for brains and money to produce, the Orpheum has come to be recognized throughout the country as the ideal photoplay theatre.

Photoplays produced by the Metro and William Fox picture corporations are shown here. At the time of writing they are the best photoplays made. When better are made, you may be sure the Orpheum Theatre will show them. In these productions you will have the greatest works of the foremost authors; you will see stars of repute like Robert Mantell, William Faversham, Emily Stevens, Olga Petrova, Ethel Barrymore and dozens of others equally famous.

You will find the music at the Orpheum of almost as much interest as the photoplays. It is furnished by a six-piece orchestra, composed of skilled musicians, and they have gained quite a remarkable reputation for playing selections of utter appropriateness—and playing them faultlessly.

METRO PICTURES

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METRO PICTURES

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TENTATIVE PROGRAM FOR JUNE

WEEK OF JUNE 11
Carlyle Blackwell
—in—
"His Brother's Wife"
Marguerite Snow
—in—
"Notorious Gallagher"
Katherine Kaelred
—in—
"The Girl with the Green Eyes"

WEEK OF JUNE 18
Frank Sheridan and Edna Wallace Hopper
—in—
"Perils of Divorce"
Mme. Olga Petrova
—in—
"The Scarlet Woman"
Jose Collins and Robert Edeson
—in—
"The Light That Failed"

WEEK OF JUNE 25
Alice Brady
—in—
"La Boheme"
Lionel Barrymore
—in—
"Dorian's Divorce"
Ruth Roland
—in—
"A Matrimonial Martyr"

WEEK OF JULY 2
Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley
—in—
"What Happened at 22"
Lockwood and Allison
—in—
"The Masked Rider"

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After Graduation—What?

AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents	$1,665	$1,150	$1,480	$1,908	$2,708
College Teachers and Officials	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees	850	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advetisers and Publishers	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manufacturers	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters	...	...	1,100	1,300	1,500
Total Replying	131	151	160	177	184
Average—all Occupations	$ 740	$ 968	$1,286	$1,522	$1,885

Average for all Occupations—five-year period $1,280.82

Average Insurance Agents—five-year period 1,872.33

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores, or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was averaged by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed. Endowed with these prerequisites the man or woman who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and superivsed by a superior officers. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

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* * *

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* * *

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Husband: "Because I've been trying for fifty years to get a word in edgewise."

* * *

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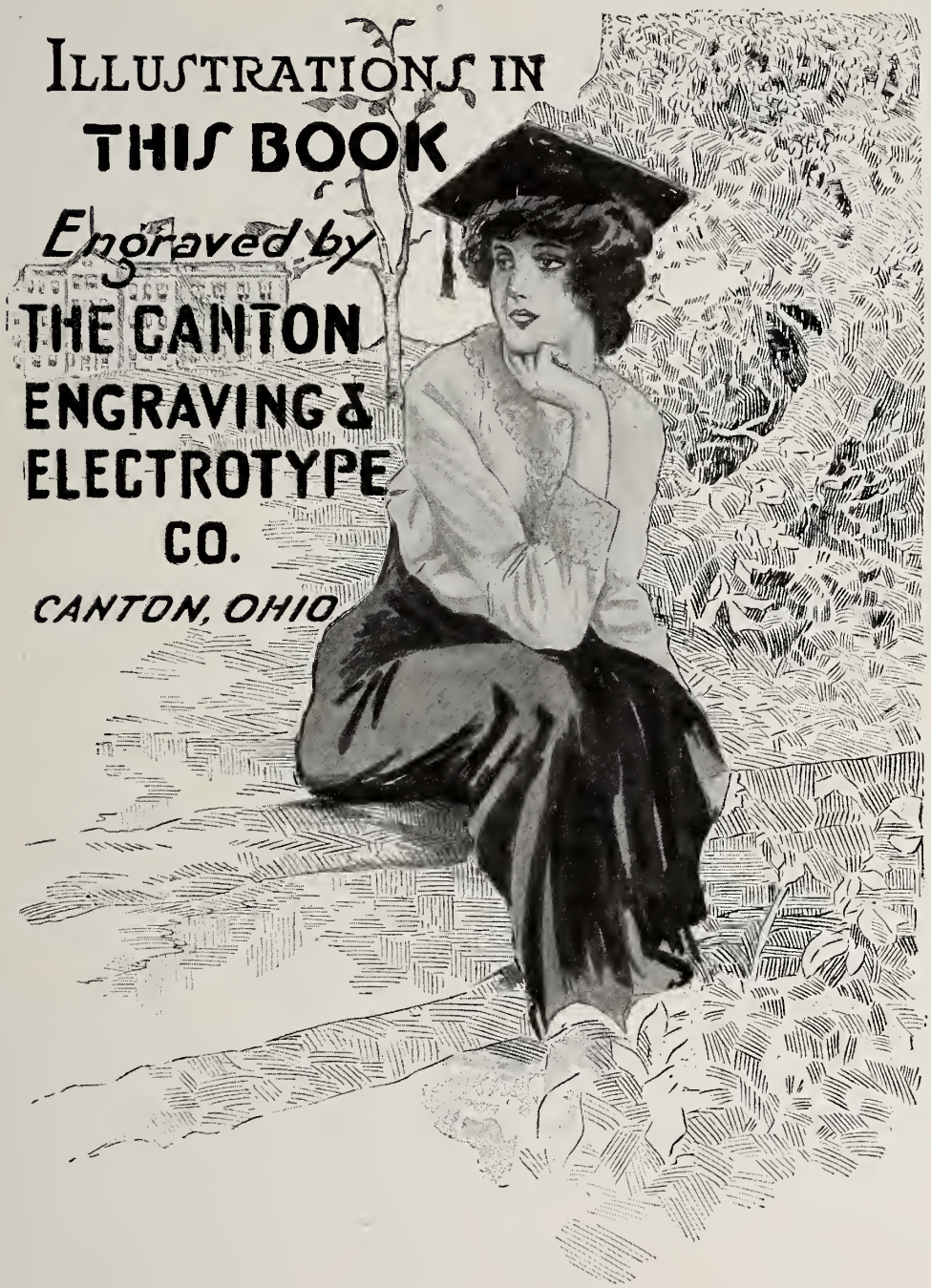
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* * *

Waiter: "How do you wish your eggs?"

Freshman (innocently): "Why — a —cooked."

* * *

Mr. Vorhees: "Yes, sulphur is found in Louisiana. Name a place nearer home."

Dunk: "In matches."

* * *

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* * *

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How very sad it is to think,
Our poor benighted brother
Should have his head upon one end,
His feet upon the other!

He—If I kissed you would you scream?

She—You might experiment a little first, to see.—Ex.

Officer—Fire at will."

Green Private—Where's Will.

* * *

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* * *

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Fort Wayne, Ind.

There was an old man of Peru
Who watched his wife making a stew;
But once, by mistake,
In a stove she did bake
That unfortunate man of Peru.

"Snoring, my dear, is the sign of an easy conscience."

"Hubby, there are times when I wish you weren't so contented with your past career."—Detroit Free Press.

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Backward, turn backward, oh Time,—what's your hurry?
Let us be Fresh once more,—why should you worry?
Class-mates of "A" and "B" gather once more,
Consider a moment those green days of yore.
Those floods of experience—oodles of money—
How swift it flew away!—wasn't it funny?

Then turn the leaf over,—that's right, Father Time,
Restore us our sophomorego sublime.
Now we've grown modest, and shrunk with the years,
Merely to see ourselves brings us to tears.
Visions of former pride cause us to weep.
Give us our ego again, ere we sleep!

Junior joys, come back again to your place,
Over two hundred strong—still in the race—
Many, we wish wouldn't rush by so fast,
Still, there's a few spots we'd fain hurry past.
"Might have done better,"—no use, now ,to sigh;
Can't boil the caldron with water gone dry.

Ah, how those junior joys jarred into jangles!
Finances worried our brains into tangles,
When on our shoulders, with lightning agility,
Fell Senior Dignity's responsibility!
Ice on our heads we put, desp-rately worked:
Never a dragon we met that we shirked.

Cooked 'em and ate 'em as soon as we caught 'em—
Stirred we the Caldron brew clear to the bottom;
Knockings and grouches we chopped up and boiled; and
Setting the world to fights, O how we toiled!
Sure 'twas a sight to make crocodiles weep,—
Ring down the curtain, Dad, let the Past sleep!

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